

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

1/

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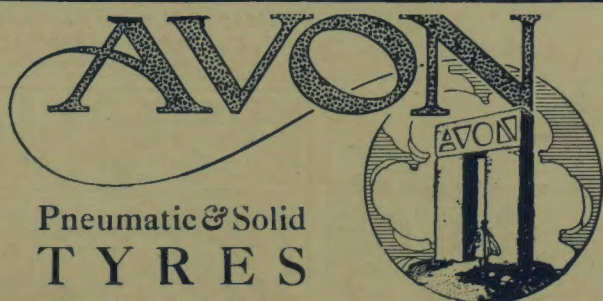
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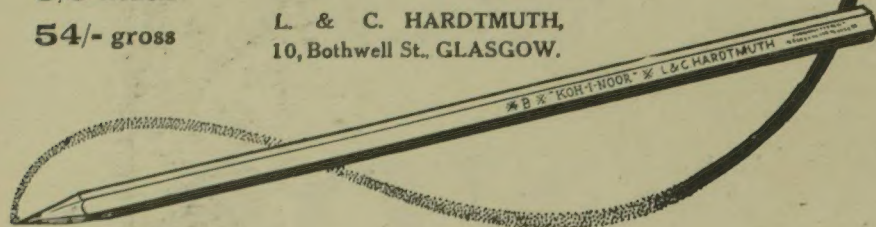
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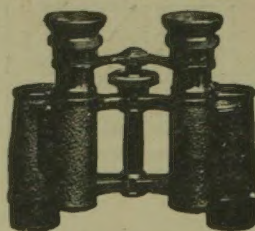
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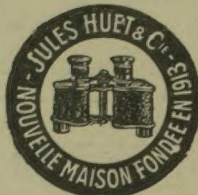
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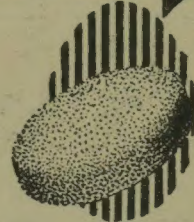
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If you suffer from Asthma, Catarrh or Ordinary Colds. Buy a tin today at your chemist.

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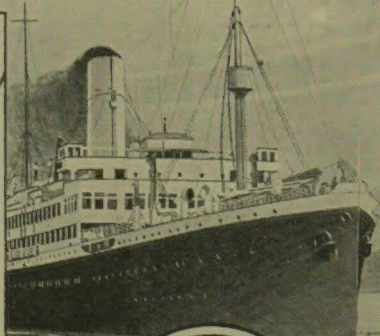
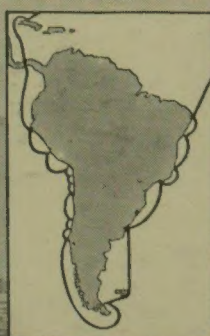
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THAT resolution was the beginning of Roosevelt's success in life. Originally a nervous weakling, he "made his health what it was"—deliberately set himself to "increase his vitality"—to "get more horse-power out of his engine."

Why not do the same for yourself? It is largely a question of saying firmly, "I must . . . I can . . . I will."

And to increase your health and vitality is easier for you than it was for Roosevelt. For Science has provided you, in Sanatogen, with a health-promoting food which does unquestionably increase your vital force.

Consider, for example, that famous report to the International Medical Congress in which a leading physician—of King's College Hospital, London—proved beyond doubt that, after six weeks' use of Sanatogen, the nerves absorbed and retained 63 per cent. more phosphorus than they previously did.

Phosphorus, you know, is the great source of nervous vitality—the "horse power" of the human machine. But it must be absorbed—otherwise it is useless—and Sanatogen is the only product which ensures perfect absorption of phosphorus.

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Begin a Course of

SANATOGEN

(The True Tonic Food)

Buy a tin at your chemist's—now, at once, while the mood for action is upon you. At 2/3 to 10/9 per tin, it costs you under 2½d. per dose—less if you buy the largest tin. But be sure you get the genuine product. Imitations are certain to disappoint you: genuine Sanatogen is certain to please you.

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Burberrys' Representative will be in attendance.



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Write for Catalogue.

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18½ Gns.

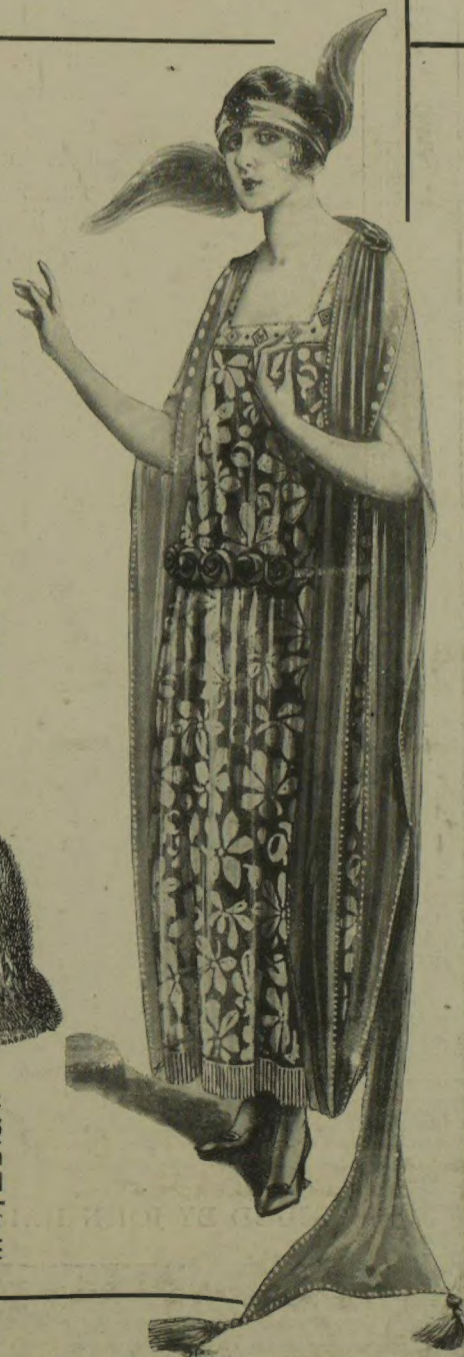
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Natural Rabbit Fur Gloves, lined wool, 12/6 per pair, also in Beaver colour fur. Strap wrist lined wool. 23/6 per pair.



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Sent on approval.



The John Haig Clubland Series, No. 3.**Brooks's and the "Election" of Fighting Fitzgerald.**

FIGHTING Fitzgerald was a quarrelsome bravo, survivor of many duels because, as was stated after his death, he wore a steel cuirass under his coat, and, naturally, was not considered desirable for membership of an exclusive Club.

After long endeavour, however, he managed to get himself proposed as a candidate for Brooks's, and on the election night he waited downstairs to learn the result. With singular unanimity every member cast a black ball. Fitzgerald refused to accept the unanimous verdict. He forced an entrance to the meeting, and reduced the whole company to perplexity by asking each in turn whether he had cast a black ball. The answer being, perhaps not unnaturally, in every case in the negative, the triumphant bully claimed that he had been elected unanimously, made himself at home, and ordered numerous bottles, which the waiters were too frightened to refuse. Half-a-dozen sturdy constables waited for him the following evening, but Fitzgerald never turned up again.

Unlike the gentle Mr. Fitzgerald, the real members of Brooks's have always been noted for their taste and discrimination, and, doubtless, like most other men of taste and refinement, they appreciated all the merits of the *original* Haig Whisky. And now for nearly three centuries, each passing year has but added to the popularity that everywhere attends the product of John Haig, Scotland's oldest distillers.



By Appointment.

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John
 THE ORIGINAL
Haig?

The Clubman's Whisky since 1627

ISSUED BY JOHN HAIG & CO. LTD., DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, & 79, MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C.3.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1922.

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OPENING THE NEW HOME OF AN INSTITUTION WHICH HE HELPED TO CALL INTO BEING: MR. LLOYD GEORGE
SPEAKING AT THE INAUGURATION OF THE PORT OF LONDON AUTHORITY'S BUILDING.

The splendid new building of the Port of London Authority (illustrated in our issue of October 14) was opened on the 17th by the Prime Minister. It is interesting to recall that it was Mr. Lloyd George who, as President of the Board of Trade, in 1908 carried through Parliament the Bill which created the Authority "for the purpose of administering, preserving and improving the Port." The inauguration ceremony took place in the great Rotunda, which measures 110 ft. in

diameter and 67 ft. in height. The Premier spoke beneath a decorative canopy specially designed for the occasion by the architect of the building, Mr. Edwin Cooper. Mr. Lloyd George was accompanied by his daughter, and there were many other distinguished guests, including Cabinet Ministers, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the American, French, Japanese and Belgian Ambassadors. The ceremony was preceded by a lunch. The Chairman of the P.L.A., Lord Devonport, presided.

PHOTOGRAPH BY L.N.A.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

A PAPER has recently appeared called the *New Leader*, which is apparently the successor to that called the *Labour Leader*. It is supposed to be the special organ of the proletarians. Merely by looking at it, I should have supposed that it was the special organ of the professors. The two most central and striking features in it are an article by Professor Einstein and an article by Professor Arthur Thomson; and neither of these persons would exactly remind one at sight of a plumber or a bricklayer. There are some indications, however, that Einstein is chiefly valued not so much because he is a professor as because he is a German professor. Nor do I see why this should be supposed specially to endear him to the English working-men, who toiled heroically in the mines to frustrate a war that German professors had promoted, and died heroically in the trenches of a poison gas that German professors had made. But I am not concerned here with any controversy about the first of these distinguished men of science, nor do I intend to criticise any line of argument on behalf of the broken Prussian system. Professor Einstein is popularly said to maintain that all straight lines are crooked; and it may be agreed that all such lines of argument are very crooked. I am interested in a more friendly fashion in the remarks of the other professor, who, if he does not appeal to the British working-man by any community of class, can at least claim a community of country. Professor Thomson writes an exceedingly thoughtful and interesting article about the importance of science in the problems of social life; and I hope I shall not be understood as denying that importance, but merely as distinguishing upon a particular point which is very important in itself. The problem is one of proportion, and is very well stated in the following passage from the professor's article: "Similarly, in regard to Ireland (such a complexity summed up in one word!) we all have our opinions. But has anyone a right to an opinion who has not saturated himself in the geographical, biological, and anthropological, as well as historical, factors involved? Now and then a great outsider has done this for Ireland, as Lord Bryce for America; but, when we have allowed for illustrious individuals, can anyone seriously suggest that the political and social experiments of successive Governments in the sister island are instinct with scientific understanding? ... And all the good intentions in the world will not save. Goodwill without science is like warmth in the darkness."

Now, we must, of course, preface any criticism of this by saying that in one sense it is strictly true. Any knowledge of any aspect of any subject is all to the good. Any facts about Ireland or about anything else are worth knowing, and can be useful if the facts can be kept in proportion. Some of the incidental phrases are rather exaggerated, and rather incongruous with their environment. I do not see why a Labour paper should rejoice to print the highly democratic doctrine that no plumber or bricklayer has any right to any opinion about Ireland until he has saturated himself in biology, anthropology, geography, not to mention history—for history seems to be mentioned rather as an afterthought. The test, if strictly and scientifically applied at the moment, would seem to make direct action by a democracy a little difficult. But, broadly speaking, we may repeat that any reality will be valuable to the plumber, whether it is a reality of anthropology or of plumbing.

But what Professor Thomson evidently means is that the government of Ireland has suffered from indifference to these sciences, and suffered in a greater

proportion than from more obvious and popular causes. Substantially he would say that science could have solved the Irish problem. And substantially I should say that the direct contrary is the fact. I should say that Ireland has suffered, if not from science, at least from scientists. Of course, nothing can suffer from science in its logical sense of knowledge. The truth about biology cannot hurt Ireland or hurt anything else. The truth about anthropology cannot mislead anybody, even a scientific sociologist. But it is a very bad case of begging the question to infer from this that biologists never mislead anybody about biology, or that anthropologists always tell the truth. The absolute truth is doubtless

so sure he is a Celt as to forget he is an Irishman. The prehistoric becomes more vivid than the historic. Everything we do understand is explained away by something that we don't understand. The practical political result of this was direct and disastrous. We first accepted as a fact the hypothesis that the Irish were Celts. We then accepted as a fact the hypothesis that Celts were visionary or impractical or wild or weak. We then turned a deaf ear to all that they demanded, on the hypothesis that it must be wild and weak and visionary and impractical. Though they were asking quite plainly for cottages on the land, we took it for granted that they must be asking for castles in the air. Though they could give detailed

evidence of farms destroyed and families ruined in the very recent past, we assumed that they must be dreamers suffering from a sort of romantic nightmare. Though they went on with savage monotony asking for the same thing, generation after generation for three hundred years, we said with a smile that they did not know what they wanted. By all scientific arguments, it was obvious that they could not know what they wanted. Were they not Celts?

That is the sort of wild-goose chase that science does in practice start, to cut across the course of history. That particular fashion has fallen rather into disrepute of late, for a very simple reason. The same great science of anthropology which proved that the Irish were Celts also proved that the English were Teutons. There came a time when the English were a little sensitive about being called Teutons. But throughout my youth the scientific theory was in full blast; everybody declared it was what science said, and paid the less attention to what common-sense said. Common-sense would have said at any time that both English and Irish were of mixed races, if ever there were any races to mix; and that, anyhow, the race was a fancy, while the nation was a fact. The same is also true of the other sciences which the distinguished scientist invokes.

Of course, a man had better know something about Irish geography in considering Irish history; it will be well for him to discover that it is an island, and even that there is a great field of bogs in the centre of it. But when somebody talks about a man being "saturated," in the science, we know what it means in practice. It means that he will have some theory about the effect of the sea or the effect of the bogs or the effect of the Irish weather on Irishmen. That loose theory, in the atmosphere of journalism and gossip, will immediately harden into a Law of Nature. And politicians will begin to deal with Irishmen not as islanders, but as something which somebody thinks is involved in being islanders. They will not be regarded merely as men who live on bogs, but as men who are supposed to be affected in a certain way by living on bogs. A Hibernian temperature will be substituted for the Celtic temperament, and the game will be continued at the option of the players.

Meanwhile, the very process of a man saturating himself with science will lead him to neglect history, especially of the sort he despises, such as religious history. He will try to make a material distinction between North and South without trying to understand the moral distinction between Protestant and Catholic. He will find so many material facts as to forget to look for any moral facts. With so many sciences he will not only be saturated; he will be satiated. And he will learn no more.



NOW ASCRIBED TO LEONARDO DA VINCI: THE SIGNA MADONNA—
A STONE BAS-RELIEF AT ALL SOULS, OXFORD.

The beautiful stone bas-relief of the Madonna and Child now at All Souls College, Oxford, was ascribed to Leonardo da Vinci by Sir Theodore Cook in a pamphlet issued in 1919. The attribution has now been confidently accepted by the well-known Italian art-critic, Signor Adolfo Venturi, Leonardo's biographer, writing in the Roman periodical, "L'Arte." The carving was bought in Italy by Mr. G. B. Dibblee in 1897, and is known as the Signa Madonna because it was first discovered in a house at Signa, built by friends of Leonardo soon after 1470.

By Courtesy of Mr. G. B. Dibblee, Bursar of All Souls College, Oxford.

innocuous! It is also somewhat inaccessible. But I would obstinately maintain that what anthropologists suggest about anthropology may be untrue; that the practical social results of it, as rumoured through schools and newspapers, are still more untrue; and that they are not only untrue, but very unjust and undesirable in dealing with a problem like Ireland.

Now, anybody with common-sense knows what is meant in practice by the anthropologist on the Irishman. It means basing everything on some hypothesis about racial origins before history. It means calling the Irishman a Celt or some such ethnical name. It means thinking of him more and more as a Celt, and of everything he does as Celtic. It ends up by being

AUSTRALIA'S FIRST VAN EYCK: A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY MASTERPIECE.

BY COURTESY OF MR. FRANK RINDER.



BOUGHT FOR THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF VICTORIA AT MELBOURNE, AND NOW ON VIEW AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY:
 THE "MADONNA AND CHILD," BY JAN VAN EYCK (MEASURING 10½ IN. BY 7½ IN.) PAINTED IN 1433.

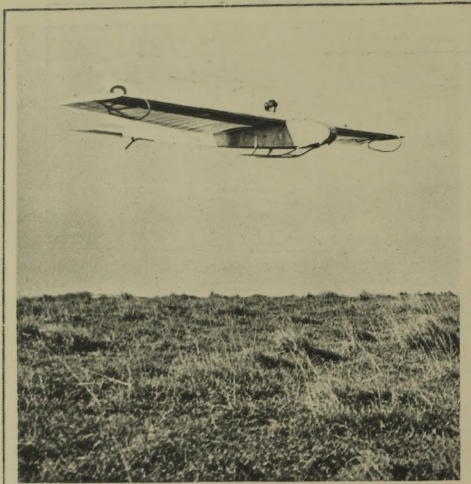
This precious little panel of the Madonna and Child, by Jan Van Eyck, a picture of superb quality and almost unique importance, has just been bought from Mr. C. J. Weld-Blundell, of Ince Blundell, by Mr. Frank Rinder, out of the funds of the Felton Bequest, for the National Gallery of Victoria at Melbourne. It is the first Van Eyck to go to Australia. The picture is inscribed in the upper left background: "Copletu Ano D. MCCCCXXXIIJ (1433) P. lohem de Eye Brugis"; and on the upper right side: "Als Ich Kan" (As I can). It has

been placed on view at the National Gallery for two months, so that art-lovers in London may have an opportunity of seeing it again before its departure. The darkening varnish has been removed, revealing a brilliant example of the master's art. The panel had been at Ince Blundell apparently since 1800. Only three authentic works by the brothers Jan and Hubert Van Eyck will now remain in private collections: those of Sir Herbert Cook, Baroness Gustave de Rothschild, and Mr. M. G. Helleputte. Hitherto only one Van Eyck had left Europe.

TRYING TO BEAT RECORDS MADE IN GERMANY: COMPETITORS IN A BRITISH GLIDING CONTEST OVER THE SOUTH DOWNS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.

DAILY MAIL," AND L.N.A.



WINNER OF COLONEL OGILVIE'S £50 PRIZE FOR THE LONGEST BRITISH DURATION FLIGHT ON THE FIRST DAY: MR. F. P. RAYNHAM IN HIS HANDASYDE MOTORLESS MONOPLANE.



LEAVING ITS CATAPULT LAUNCHING DEVICE IN THE AIR: A NEW DE HAVILLAND GLIDER IN FLIGHT—A DEMONSTRATION AT STAG LANE AERODROME, EDGWARE.



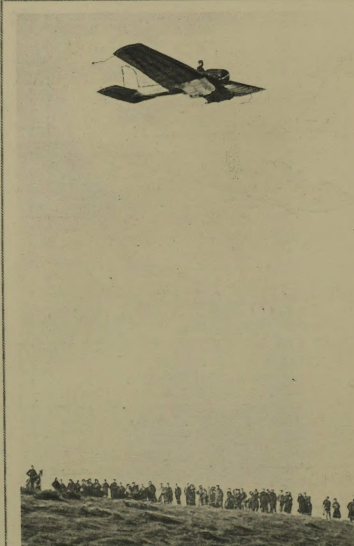
WITH THE STARTING ROPE FALLEN TO THE GROUND: MR. E. C. GORDON ENGLAND DURING HIS 4½-MINUTE GLIDE FROM FIRLE BEACON.



WITH GROUND MEN STILL HAULING ON THE STARTING-ROPE: A DE HAVILLAND GLIDER JUST AFTER THE BEGINNING OF A FLIGHT.



QUALIFYING FOR THE £1000 PRIZE WITH A GLIDE OF 37 MIN. 6 SEC. ON THE FIRST DAY: MR. ANTHONY FOKKER IN HIS BIPLANE—"CASTING OFF" THE TOW" (THE ROPE FALLING).



A BRITISH STUDENT FROM GERMANY IN HIS KLEMPERER MACHINE: MR. J. JEVES, WHO FLEW FOR 5 MIN. 1 SEC. FROM BEDDINGTON HILL.



PARING AND GLIDING GRACEFULLY FOR 2 MIN. 35 SEC.: CAPTAIN E. D. C. ERNE, IN ONE OF THE DE HAVILLAND MACHINES AT ITFORD HILL.



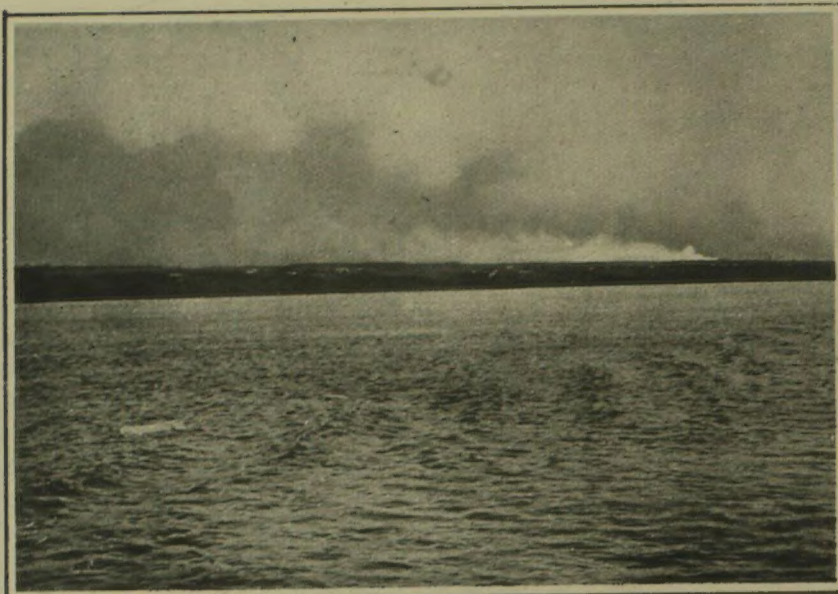
THE BRITISH PILOT WHO ACCOMPLISHED A GLIDE OF 1 HOUR 53 MIN. ON THE SECOND DAY: MR. F. P. RAYNHAM IN HIS HANDASYDE MACHINE.

The gliding competition promoted by the "Daily Mail" and organised by the Royal Aero Club, began at Itford Hill, near Lewes, Sussex, on Monday, October 16, to be continued for the rest of the week. The conditions laid down for the first prize of £1000 (for the competitor who should remain in the air for at least thirty minutes and return to a point within 500 yards of Itford Hill) were fulfilled on the first day by Mr. Anthony Fokker, the well-known Dutch aeroplane designer. He accomplished a glide of 37 min. 6 sec. He was never more than half a mile from his starting-point, and at one time rose to a height of 300 ft. It remained to be seen whether he or anyone else would do better during the rest of the meeting, and would gain the prize. At the moment of writing the gliding record is held by Herr Hentzen, a German, for a duration flight of 3 hours and 10 min. On the first day at Itford Hill, Mr. F. P. Raynham made a

glide of 11 min. 23 sec. in a Handasyde monoplane, from the top of Firle Beacon, and thus won the prize of £50 offered by Lieut.-Colonel Alec Ogilvie to the British competitor on a British machine who remained the longest time in the air on the first day, the minimum to be one minute. Mr. Raynham's success was the more creditable as the meeting was his first experience of gliding, his machine was the first glider produced by the Handasyde Company, and the flight was only the second he had made in a glider. On the second day of the meeting he accomplished a still finer performance, remaining in the air for 1 hour 53 minutes. There were 36 entrants for the competition, including several foreigners, and many enthusiastic spectators. Some of our photographs illustrate the method of starting a glider by ropes hauled by hand or by a motor-car.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: INTERESTING EVENTS ILLUSTRATED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., TOPICAL, L.N.A., AND G.P.U.



THE ONTARIO FOREST FIRES WHICH KILLED OVER FIFTY PEOPLE AND RENDERED EIGHT THOUSAND HOMELESS: A DISTANT VIEW FROM A LAKE STEAMER.



ARRANGED TO CARRY TWENTY-FOUR PASSENGERS, SITTING TWELVE A SIDE, AS IN A TRAM: THE GIANT AEROPLANE, "VICTORIA," BUILT FOR THE GOVERNMENT.



UNVEILED BY LORD FORTESCUE: THE BARNSTAPLE WAR MEMORIAL—A VIEW OF THE CEREMONY.



WITH ITS BASE COVERED IN FLOWERS: THE WAR MEMORIAL AT HADLEIGH (ESSEX) UNVEILED.



UNVEILED BY THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF CORNWALL (STANDING AT THE BASE): THE TRURO WAR MEMORIAL.



WIFE OF THE EXILED EGYPTIAN NATIONALIST LEADER: MME. ZAGHLUL (IN FRONT) AT PORT SAID JUST BEFORE LEAVING TO JOIN HIM AT GIBRALTAR.

The most destructive fire in the history of Ontario began near Haileybury on October 4, and, fanned by a wind of terrific speed, swept over an area forty miles long, destroying Haileybury itself and several other places. Over fifty people lost their lives, while eight thousand were rendered homeless, and the total damage was estimated at £1,700,000.—The new giant aeroplane, "Victoria," built by Messrs. Vickers for the Government, recently left Weybridge for Martlesham. The machine can fly at 100 miles an hour.—New war memorials are unveiled almost every day. In the Barnstaple photograph, the guard of honour is seen on the right, and on the left the cadet corps of West Buckland school.—The armistice



THE MILITARY PEACEMAKERS AT MUDANIA: GENERAL SIR CHARLES HARRINGTON (LEFT) AND ISMET PASHA IMMEDIATELY AFTER SIGNING THE ARMISTICE.

at Mudania was signed at dawn on October 11. Agreement was reached soon after midnight on the 10th, but the generals had to wait all night while the document was being typed.—Mme. Zaghlul, wife of Zaghlul Pasha, the exiled Egyptian Nationalist leader, now interned at Gibraltar, sailed from Port Said on October 9, in the "Kaisar-i-Hind," to join him. Both at Cairo and Port Said she was the centre of great demonstrations. At Port Said there was a gathering of women, theologians, Ulemas, and representative bodies of notables, engineers, doctors, lawyers, merchants, students, and labourers. They all signed a protest against Zaghlul's exile and British policy in Egypt.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARRATT, CENTRAL PRESS, PHOTOPRESS, PHOTO. ILLUS. CO., VANDYK, KEMP (DALKEITH), ELLIOTT AND FRY, C.N., AND RUSSELL.



CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE AT NEWPORT: MR. R. CLARRY.



THE GOVERNMENT'S GUEST IN LONDON: THE EMIR ABDULLAH.



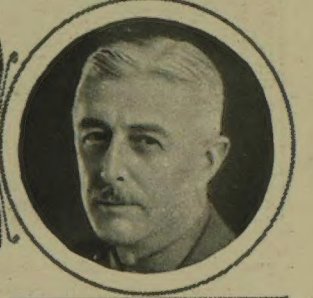
LABOUR CANDIDATE AT NEWPORT: MR. BOWEN.



LIBERAL CANDIDATE AT NEWPORT: MR. MOORE



A NEW PRINCIPAL: THE REV. T. H. HUGHES.



THE LATE BRIG.-GEN. F. G. LUCAS.



THE PREMIER AT MANCHESTER: (L. TO R.) MRS. NORTON BARCLAY, MR. LLOYD GEORGE, SIR EDWARD RHODES, AND MRS. LLOYD GEORGE.



THE UNIONIST LEADER AT BIRMINGHAM: MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN (CENTRE) AT THE MIDLAND CONSERVATIVE CLUB LUNCHEON.



A WELL-KNOWN COURT OFFICIAL: THE LATE SIR ARTHUR DAVIDSON.



THE ITALIAN ROYAL VISIT TO BELGIUM: THE TWO KINGS AND QUEENS AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE, BRUSSELS, WITH BURGOMASTER MAX.



RAISED TO THE BENCH: MR. R. MUNRO, SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND.

Polling in the by-election at Newport (Mon.) was fixed for October 18.—Miss Joyce Wethered won the English Ladies' Golf Championship on October 13, at Hunstanton, for the third time in succession. Our photograph shows (from left to right), seated: Miss Wethered and Miss Joan Stocker, the runner-up; standing: Miss Mollie Gourlay and Miss Joy Winn, semi-finalists.—The Emir Abdullah, ruler of Transjordan, who arrived in London on October 14 as the guest of the Government, is the second son of King Hussein of the Hedjaz, and brother of King Feisal of Irak.—The Rev. T. H. Hughes has been appointed Principal of the Scottish Congregational College at Edinburgh.—General Lucas served with distinction in many Indian frontier campaigns, in Mesopotamia during the Great War, and in the Afghan War of 1919.—The Prime Minister visited Manchester

on October 14, and at the Reform Club replied to critics of the Government's policy.—On the previous day Mr. Austen Chamberlain, at Birmingham, urged the continuance of the Coalition.—After seeing much active service, Colonel Sir Arthur Davidson became Groom-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria in 1895, and has since been Equerry to King Edward, King George, and Queen Alexandra.—The King and Queen of Italy arrived in Brussels on October 11. Our photograph shows (from left to right) the Queen of the Belgians, King Victor, the Queen of Italy, King Albert, and M. Max, the famous Burgomaster of Brussels. It was afterwards reported that King Victor's son and heir, the Prince of Piedmont, was engaged to Princess Marie José, King Albert's only daughter.—The Right Hon. Robert Munro, Secretary for Scotland since 1916, has been appointed Lord Justice Clerk.

THE ROUMANIAN CORONATION: ROYAL ROBES AND THEIR WEARERS.

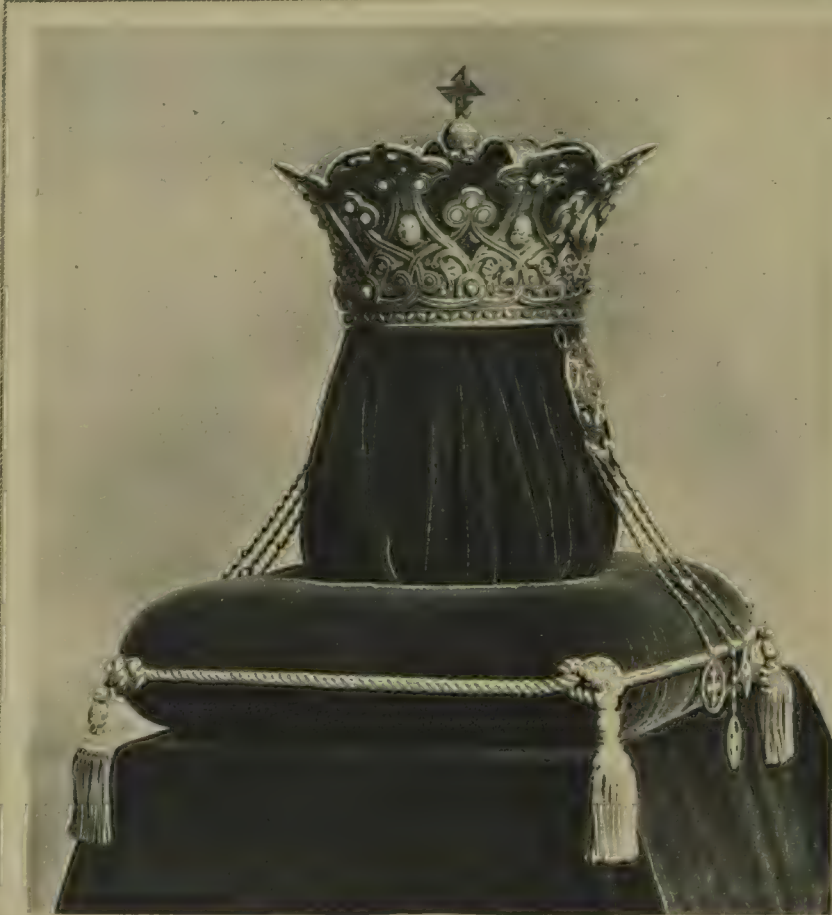
Drawings by courtesy of Messrs. Redfern, Ltd. Photographs by the "Daily Mail," and Julietta.



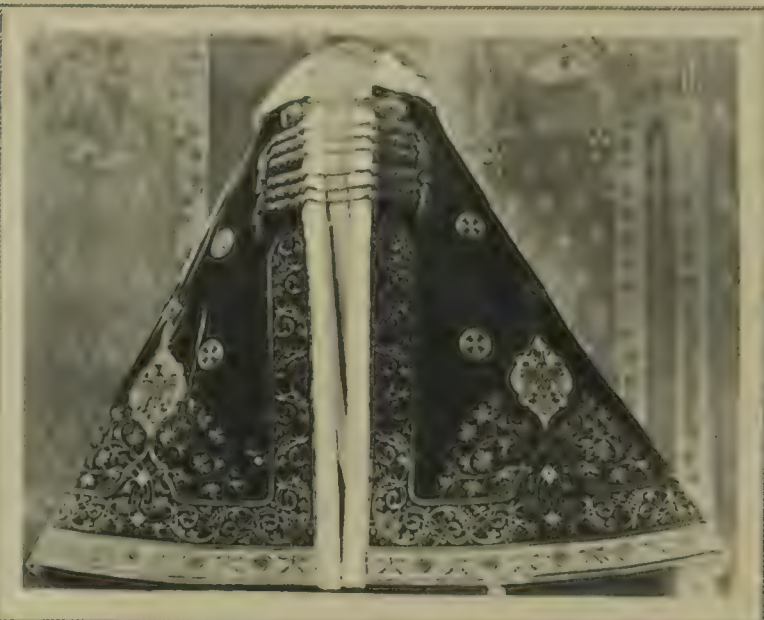
OF GOLD TISSUE, ROYAL BLUE VELVET, AND FUR: A DRESS FOR THE QUEEN.



OF GOLD TISSUE WITH VELVET TRAIN A DRESS FOR QUEEN ELIZABETH.



OF TRANSYLVANIAN GOLD AND MADE IN FRANCE: QUEEN MARIE'S CROWN, WHICH WAS PLACED ON HER HEAD BY KING FERDINAND.



OF CRIMSON VELVET LAVISHLY EMBROIDERED WITH GOLD, WITH ERMINE COLLAR: KING FERDINAND'S CORONATION ROBE, MADE IN PARIS.

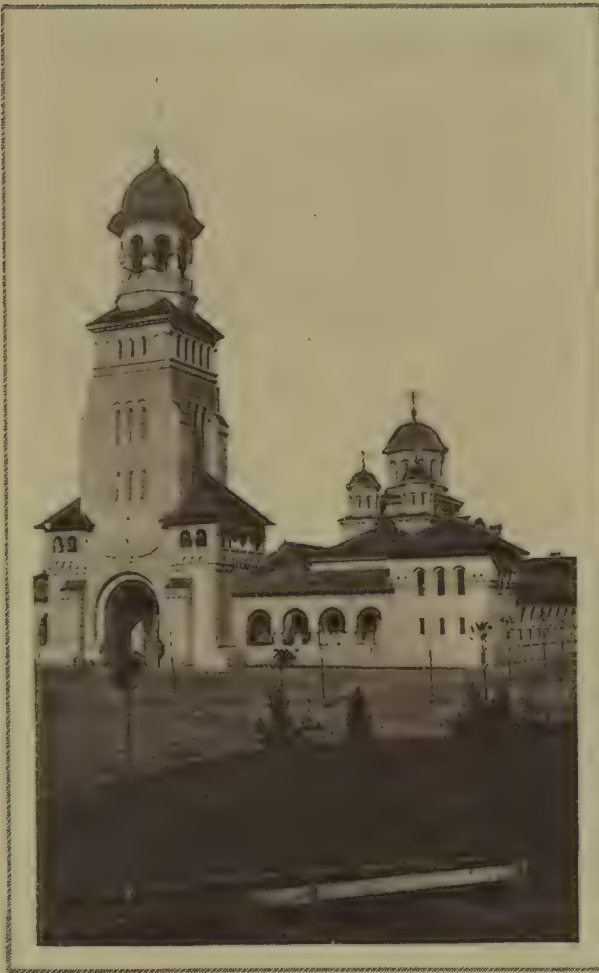


PHOTOGRAPHED AT SINAIA SHORTLY BEFORE THE CORONATION: (L. TO R.)—THE CROWN PRINCE CAROL, THE CROWN PRINCESS, MARSHAL PILSUDSKI, QUEEN MARIE, KING FERDINAND, PRINCESS IRENE OF GREECE, PRINCE NICHOLAS OF ROUMANIA, AND THE POLISH MINISTER.

The coronation of King Ferdinand and Queen Marie of Roumania, postponed owing to the Great War, took place on October 15, at the new Cathedral (illustrated on the opposite page) specially built for the occasion at Alba Julia. The Duke of York was present among the foreign representatives. King Ferdinand wore the uniform of a general of infantry, and Queen Marie a cloak of scarlet velvet with ermine collar. The two crowns were presented by the Presidents of the Senate and the Chamber. The King's crown was of iron, cast from Turkish guns captured at Plevna; and the Queen's of Transylvanian gold. The King took his crown and

placed it on his own head and then crowned the Queen. Several magnificent dresses were made for Queen Marie and her daughter, Queen Elizabeth of Yugoslavia, by Messrs. Redfern of Bond Street, and two of them are illustrated above. In the Court of Roumania it is a rule that members of the Royal House wear gold and blue, while those of lesser rank wear blue and grey. The group at the foot of the page was taken last month at Sinaia, one of the residences of the Roumanian Royal Family, during the visit of Marshal Pilsudski, the President of Poland.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]

BUILT FOR KING FERDINAND'S CORONATION: A NEW CATHEDRAL.



SPECIALLY BUILT FOR THE CORONATION: THE NEW CATHEDRAL AT ALBA JULIA.



CHARACTERISED BY SHORT THICK PILLARS AND ROUND ARCHES WITH HEAVY MOULDINGS: A VIEW OF THE CLOISTERS, OUTSIDE WHICH THE CORONATION TOOK PLACE.



WITH PAINTINGS (OVER THE ARCH) OF TWELVE ROUMANIAN KINGS, INCLUDING THE LATE KING CAROL (EXTREME RIGHT): THE BANQUETING HALL IN THE CATHEDRAL BUILDINGS.



IN THE ROMANESQUE STYLE PECULIAR TO ROUMANIA: THE CLOISTERS OF THE NEW CATHEDRAL, BUILT FOR KING FERDINAND'S CORONATION.

For the coronation of King Ferdinand and Queen Marie of Roumania, on October 15, a small cathedral enclosed by cloisters had been specially built at the top of a hill in the old eighteenth-century citadel of Alba Julia, overlooking that ancient town, now little more than a village. The cathedral and cloisters are in the Romanesque style of architecture that is peculiar to Roumania. Its chief characteristics are short thick pillars with small round arches and heavy mouldings. The buildings are of white stone, with yellow tiles, and the general effect is described as impressive rather than beautiful. The actual coronation took place just outside

the cloisters, through which the King and Queen afterwards passed. A peasant choir sang the Coronation Hymn on the steps of the cathedral. The new buildings include a handsome banqueting hall, with portraits of twelve of King Ferdinand's predecessors. In ancient times Alba Julia was the capital of the Roman province of Dacia. Though now little more than a village, it has again become historically important. There, four years ago, the Popular Assembly proclaimed the union of the Transylvania Banat with Roumania, which, as a result of the Great War, is now a country as large as Spain.

UNDER THE KNIFE.

By PHILIP GUEDALLA.

VI.—THE RIGHT HON. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

MR. PITT was the son of Lord Chatham; Dumas fils was the son of Dumas père; and Mr. Austen Chamberlain is the son of Mr. Chamberlain. The fact of his paternity, although it is almost sixty years old, is still the most significant thing about him. Without it, he might never have worn an eye-glass; and without an eyeglass he could hardly, one fears, have found the way to Downing Street. For the great majority of his countrymen, the elderly gentleman who fills an honoured position as Lord Privy Seal and leader of the Conservative (and, in its more traditional moments, Unionist) Party, is still the son of the Member for West Birmingham. They seem to catch the patter of his little feet down the long corridors of Highbury, to watch the gleam of an orchid, the glint of a distant eyeglass, as a lean hand runs through his long curls and the little fellow looks up into an angular face.

Posterity has an awkward way with the sons of great men. The public intelligence is slow to move, and it clings closely to the one fact which it knows about them. They will always remain, as the colour fades from their hair and the lines come round their eyes, the little sons of Mr. X. British opinion, having mastered their father's name, sinks back exhausted by the effort. It will retain it for a generation or so; and, whenever it catches sight of a member of the family, it will murmur the patronymic in a reminiscent way. The encounter gives pleasure, because we love to be reminded of the few things we know; and the old names stir an endearing swarm of memories. There is a pleasant rush of old stories and old *clichés* to the public mind, as a surviving son reminds it of the hats he used to wear, his familiar flower, and his dogs. There is a sharp rise in reminiscences, as the younger generation appears, trailing clouds of someone else's glory.

This peculiar privilege affects its wearers in two ways. If they are truculent and insist upon their right to walk alone, they are apt to disown it and to plunge, since they cannot without indelicacy change their names, into the recesses of the Church. But if they are docile, they answer to their father's name; and then a mild career is open to them as sons, nephews, grandsons of the great man. Yet, even so, their genealogy sets a rigid limit to their flight. The name they bear will start them on the road; but halfway to greatness it will hold them back, because the English do not expect too much of people's sons. It was indelicate in Mr. Pitt to go quite as far as his father had gone; and his career remains an isolated, a somewhat melancholy warning to the sons of great men who have ideas above their station. Public opinion, if one may adopt its most familiar idiom, will back them for a place, but not to win.

But through their smooth careers they will be dogged by a singular, yet an almost universal, hallucination. To the general eye these stoutish gentlemen will seem to be always children. They may sack cities and govern empires; but their countrymen perpetually see them in perambulators. England, in the burning words of one of her Mayors, does not forget. That is why the sons of great men are, for most of us, the boys that never grow up.

Something of this tendency has stereotyped a youthful image of Mr. Austen Chamberlain in the public mind. He is always, perhaps he will always be a young member stammering creditably through a maiden speech thirty years ago. He has travelled a long road since 1892. But, for all the Budgets that he has introduced and the parties that he may lead, one will always see him as a young man with a smooth head wearing his father's eyeglass. When the Leader of the House stands at the table, one looks along the Treasury Bench for a tight-lipped father sitting proudly to watch his son's performance; and

when he sits down, one half expects a gracious, deep-voiced old man with a tea-rose in his coat (and Mrs. Gladstone somewhere handy behind the Grille) to compliment the father on his promising son. Yet that was thirty years ago, and the young man with the

awkward doubt as to the soundness of his views on the Monarchy. Across the luxuriant landscape of the late Disraelian scene he travelled, a bleak little figure in broadcloth. It was known that he earned his living; it was suspected that he manufactured hardware; and it was believed that he regarded the throne of Queen Victoria with a fierce republican eye. By a touch of the grotesque, he was a provincial Mayor; and, with a final lapse of taste, he elected to reside in Birmingham. The demerits were obvious; and yet, when a sensitive critic visited a music-hall forty years later, an entertainer said, "I will now present to your attention a gentleman who is known to all of you." There was an uneasy stir among the assembled subjects of King Edward. "We thought of winning jockeys, of aeroplanists, of foreign Ministers, and of His Majesty the King. The entertainer turned suddenly round and presented us with a cocked-up nose, an eye-glass, and an orchid. And from the very places whence there had burst forth an applause of Mr. Lloyd George so loud that we had imagined it could not have been surpassed—from those very upper parts of the house there burst forth cries, howls, stamping of feet—a noise of enthusiasm such as reduced the approbation of Mr. Lloyd George to a faint platonic sound."

That was the tribute of British gratitude for the disappointment of Ireland and the suppression of the Boer Republics. Almost (but not quite) the people of England were moved to reverse their fiscal system as a monument to that singular career of political negation. But, instead, they offered to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain the rare prize of universal recognition. Mr. Balfour, Mr. Asquith, even Lord Salisbury, might walk unnoticed down the street; but a fur-collar and an eye-glass sufficed to collect a crowd and draw a cheer. Mr. Chamberlain left his son as a legacy to the British people; and in a sense they have erected him as a monument to his father. All that they ask (and, if malice is to be believed, nearly all that they get) is an eye-glass and a familiar look. It is, for Mr. Austen Chamberlain, a hard (and yet an easy) fate.

His qualities can never be judged on their own merits. When he is shrewd, it is his father's shrewdness. When he shows character (and at the India Office he once gave an honourable display of it), it is the father's character. His name, it would seem, ensured him a position. But, having raised him to it, his name quite firmly held him back from rising higher, kept him, as it were, at a respectable height of secondary eminence befitting an hereditary office-holder. It is an unkind destiny, which must console men whose maiden speeches are not made to listening fathers on Front Benches or acclaimed by old friends of the family at the despatch box.

Yet there is more in Mr. Chamberlain's career than the customary promotion of a *fils de famille*. One can see, as it passes by, a singular succession of ironies which would make it memorable in any age. A son of the republican Mayor of Birmingham leads the Conservative Party, and leads it, his father having rebaptised it Unionist, to sacrifice the Act of Union. Without his Unionism the father would have remained Radical; the son abandons it, and turns the foremost Radical of his day into a mild Conservative. There is material enough in Mr. Chamberlain's record for the *amateur* of queer reversals. Yet one doubts whether he sees it so. He seems, as he sits under a tall hat on the Treasury Bench, to view contemporary history with a calm, unimaginative eye, to see the world in terms of the Division Lobby, and to watch Europe from the angle of British politics. He is a sober politician, a steady man, a sound Conservative—the triple negation of all that Joseph Chamberlain was—an inverted epitaph of his father.



THE WIFE OF THE LEADER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: MRS. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, WITH HER YOUNGER SON, LAWRENCE.

Mrs. Austen Chamberlain, formerly known as Miss Ivy Muriel Dundas, is a daughter of the late Colonel Henry Lawrence Dundas. She married Mr. Chamberlain in 1906. They have two sons—Joseph, born in 1907, and Lawrence Endlicott, born in 1917—and one daughter, Diane.—[Photograph by Maull and Fox.]

smooth head leads the party which his father never wholly captured.

The promotion of Mr. Austen Chamberlain must always seem a shade inexplicable to a generation which knew not Joseph. The predominance of that sharp-nosed figure in British politics after the with-



THE UNIONIST LEADER WHO IS IN FAVOUR OF RETAINING THE COALITION: THE RIGHT HON. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who became Leader of the Unionist Party in March of last year, had a difficult problem to solve when he addressed his constituents at Birmingham recently on the political situation and the prospects of a General Election. He said little of Unionist objections to another Coalition, but urged the continuance of that type of government, in order to avoid the danger to the State threatened by the Labour programme.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

drawal of Mr. Gladstone was remarkable and complete. He had set out with every disadvantage—with no father to speak of, an address in the provinces, and an

CAUSE AND EFFECT: THE GREEK ROUT; REVOLUTION IN ATHENS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RAYMOND BROTTÉ AND ELEUTHEROS VIMA.



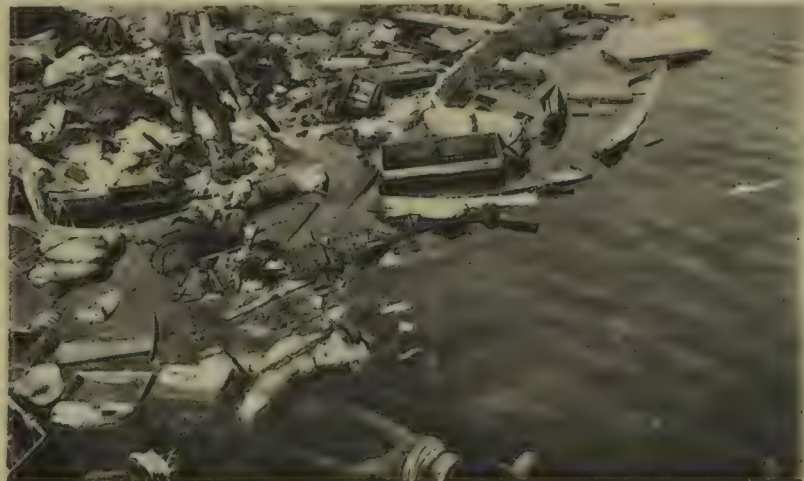
DESTROYED BY THE GREEKS IN THEIR RETREAT: WRECKED BUILDINGS AT BALOUK PAZAR, THE GREEK QUARTER OF BRUSA.



BLOWN UP BY THE RETREATING GREEK ARMY ON ITS WAY TO MUDANIA: THE BRIDGE OF IRGANLI, AT BRUSA, IN ASIA MINOR.



AFTER A BATTLE BETWEEN GREEKS AND TURKS IN ASIA MINOR: BODIES OF GREEK SOLDIERS LYING WHERE THEY FELL IN AN OLIVE GROVE.



DROWNED IN THEIR FRANTIC EFFORTS TO ESCAPE BY BOAT: CORPSES OF REFUGEES AT THE WATER'S EDGE AT MUDANIA, AFTER THE PANIC OF SEPTEMBER 11.



THE IMMEDIATE EFFECT OF THE GREEK DÉBACLE IN ASIA MINOR: REVOLUTION IN ATHENS—THE INSURGENT LEADERS (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) COLONELS GONATAS, PLASTIRAS, AND PROTOSSINGHELOS ENTERING THE CITY AT THE HEAD OF THEIR TROOPS, ACCLAIMED BY THE POPULACE.

Mudania, since famous for its Conference, on the south shore of the Sea of Marmora, and the neighbouring town of Brusa, were the scene of tragic events during the Greek retreat to the coast. "In the panic that followed the Greek disaster," says a French writer, "the torrent of refugees and fugitives in the early days of September poured towards the ports of Gemlik and Mudania. In the latter town there were crowded 60,000 refugees and 20,000 soldiers, with hundreds of vehicles. At Brusa an Inter-Allied Mission, which arrived on September 10, had difficulty in preventing the burning of the whole town by the Greeks.

It was to three French companies of the 66th Regiment of Infanti, owed its preservation. The regular Turkish Army entered the town on 2. The French detachment took under its protection the 7000 Greek soldiers. 20,000 Christian refugees who had not succeeded in embarking. At that the port was a scene of indescribable chaos: guns, shells, sanitary material, boxes of compressed fodder, wagons, motor-cars, and baggage of all sorts were mingled in inextricable confusion. Numerous fugitives were drowned in their frantic efforts to embark on the last boats leaving the town."

THE CABARET VOGUE: LONDON

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER.



SUPPER AND SONG AND DANCE: "PATRONS" WATCHING THE LAST TURN

The cabaret habit is becoming a feature of London social life, and there are popular cabaret shows on the roof of the Queen's Hall, at the Hotel Metropole, and at Murray's Club, for Society desirous of enjoying dinner or supper and dancing, and excellent entertainment. At the Queen's Hall—the subject of our drawing—dinner and supper are served at small tables in a beautiful ball-room; and are "interrupted" delightfully by the "show." Amongst the artists performing at the moment are the Trix Sisters, with songs at the piano. Item No. 6—the last on the first part of the programme—figures as

SOCIETY'S LATEST EVENING AMUSEMENT.

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ON THE PROGRAMME OF THE CABARET FOLLIES—"FINALE ORIENTALE."

"Jack Hylton and the Queen's Dance Orchestra. Scene—Dancing Floor. Cast—Our Patrons"—which means, in other words, that the general company takes the floor, and dancing enthusiasts can enjoy themselves to their hearts' content. The Cabaret Follies give their performance on the small stage at the end of the ball-room; but, in order to achieve that intimate effect which is an essential feature of the true cabaret show, the actors and actresses come down on to the dancing floor during the entertainment.

THE BEAUTY OF THE LONDON HOME: A STUDY IN THE ART OF INTERIOR DECORATION.

IV.—MRS. RALPH GLYN'S DELIGHTFUL LITTLE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE.

THE London home of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Ralph Glyn is a delightful little eighteenth-century house, furnished and decorated very simply with charming, time-mellowed furniture and delicate colours.

The square hall, rather unusual in so small a house, gives character to the interior and at once obviates the feeling of compression that is almost inseparable from the conventional narrow entrance and double-flighted staircase of so many London houses.

The walls of the hall and stairs are of pale grey, and the carpet is black. Hung at regular intervals up the stairs is a fine set of prints in black frames with a gold beading. There is no dado, but a narrow black line on the skirting "picks up" the black of the carpet, the prints and their frames, and pulls together the whole colour-scheme.

This is a clever house, because of the good effects arranged in comparatively small spaces: for instance, the stairs curve to the right after the third stair, and in the angle of the wall, on the widest step of the turn, stands a little old black lacquer cupboard, with a hydra-headed Chinese ornament on top. At the foot of the stairs is an old lacquer grandfather clock. All this adds to the good aspect of the hall as one enters. The window of the hall and the window of the staircase are hung with flame-coloured brocade curtains.

On the left of the hall is the dining-room. It has a plain carpet of subdued brown; the walls are of pale egg-shell green decorated with a few beautiful prints and metal *appliqués* for electric lights; and the long, formal curtains are of dull purple silk with a gold-and-black Empire design on it; there are yellow net curtains over the windows.

Coloured net curtains now adorn many houses, and how much better the light, bright net ones are than the Nottingham lace and more superior lace ones of former days! It seems right and proper to look out on the world through a cheery yellow or blue; it is a small, though general, help to life. Most assuredly these curtains have come to stay. The only colour which is not advisable is grey, as it looks rather like unwashed white from without and rather dismal from within.

To return to this particular house. The dining-room furniture is black and gold. The dinner-table is of wood, painted, polished and veined to look like black marble; the sideboard is the same, and has no cupboards to spoil the effect of its curved and claw-footed legs.

Wood can, of course, be most cleverly made to imitate marble in every colour, and thus treated is often very ornamental; but perhaps very sincere and severe decorators might not approve of so flagrant a "sham."

This dining-room is really a combination of the Adam and Empire styles, with some of the ornaments common to both, notably the ram's head and the honeysuckle used throughout. They reappear on the cornice, on the backs of the chairs (which are of a rather unusual design of "Cottage Empire," probably of English make), in the metal *appliqués*, and in the pattern of the curtains; the whole effect is most harmonious and successful. Even the telephone stands on a delicate little wooden pedestal of black and gold, evidently of the period. There is a delightful little Adam mantelpiece and frieze. By the way,

while two arm-chairs match it in design and colouring. There are, further, a couple of cupboard-cabinets. One of these is of red lacquer and stands near the door, hidden as far as the main room is concerned by a big black-and-gold screen. On the top of the cupboard is arranged a bright yellow antique tea set, with small black pictures painted on each piece. The other cabinet is a walnut one, and on the top of it is a bust of a young soldier in a "tin hat."

That is the drawing-room, a room of rich, bright colours, eminently a room bringing harmony and contentment to the occupant. Behind it, not exactly in line, as in most houses, but built rather to the right, is a small library. It, too, has fine engravings on the walls; the floor is completely covered with bright-hued Persian rugs; and book-cases line the walls.

On the next floor are the bed-rooms. One of these is largely Chinese in idea. In it is a black lacquer cupboard with painted panels, an old Chinese paper screen, and a dressing-table, very long and narrow, covered with a beautiful piece of Chinese painted leather under glass. The colour-scheme of this room is bright dark-blue and various shades of pale purple, from mauve to rose-colour; the effect is very restful and pleasing. The whole idea of the house is comfort, beauty, and simplicity.

When one enters a house one feels immediately that one is content to spend a little time in it, or that the moment of departure will come as a relief. Many extraordinarily

nice women have houses in which one never feels comfortable. It seems to arise from the fact that the personality of the owner is in no way reflected in her home, for a house may presumably be well furnished, well cared for, and have the requisite number of chairs and tables, and yet may have a chilly atmosphere. It can only be hoped that the inhabitants do not feel this. Such a house is generally that of a woman who finds it rather a bother to think about her home; what thinking she does is from a sense of duty.

No. 55, Seymour Street is none of these things; it looks and feels comfortable and "lived in." It is interesting because it is an example of a perfect small house, as distinct from the vast mansion or really big house.

By the way, the popularity of Chinese art seems to grow and grow among Londoners, and, one supposes, amongst other Europeans. Chinese *objets d'art*, of course, are well worth having, and so far those who are fearful of the yellow races do not seem to be apprehensive of this growing influence.

E. H.-S.



"A CLEVER HOUSE, BECAUSE OF THE GOOD EFFECTS ARRANGED IN SMALL SPACES": THE STAIRCASE WITH ITS BLACK-AND-GRAY COLOUR-SCHEME, LACQUER "GRANDFATHER" CLOCK, AND ANGLE CUPBOARD.

Photograph specially taken for "The Illustrated London News."

the mantelpieces throughout the house are all charming; they were put in by its present owner, and each is strictly in keeping with the style of the whole. Now, mantelpieces are so immensely important and so often neglected that they get looked upon as fixtures and things which do not matter, whereas a bad mantelpiece "lets down" a whole room.

The drawing-room is above the dining-room. The carpet in it is black, like that of the stairs. Its windows have yellow silk curtains, and, hanging over the glass itself, there are again yellow net ones. The walls are painted a rich saxe-blue, the panelling is outlined in dull gold, and there are a few old coloured prints, also framed in gold. Blue walls are a wonderful background, and flowers of any colour look well against them. On the day of writing, orange marigolds were the predominating flower, and several vases of them were on one table, and another vaseful on a small table near the fireplace, whilst yet another table was almost entirely covered with books. A big dark-covered divan with lots of cushions fills the space between on one side; and near one of the windows there is a settee-sofa with a high back, covered in a dark-patterned cretonne,

THE BEAUTY OF THE LONDON HOME: IV.—“A PERFECT SMALL HOUSE.”

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR “THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.”



DECORATED WITH A FEW BEAUTIFUL PRINTS ON PALE-GREEN WALLS: THE DINING-ROOM, SHOWING THE TABLE AND CLAW-FOOTED SIDEBOARD POLISHED AND VEINED LIKE MARBLE.



AN AIR OF MASCULINE COMFORT, WITH SIGNS OF BUSINESS AND TRAVEL: MAJOR GLYN'S STUDY, WELL LINED WITH BOOKS, AT 55, SEYMOUR STREET.

“THE dining-room has a plain carpet of subdued brown; the walls are of pale egg-shell green decorated with a few beautiful prints and metal appliques for electric lights; and the long, formal curtains are of dull purple silk with a gold-and-black Empire design on it; there are yellow net curtains over the windows. . . . The furniture is black and gold. The dinner-table

is of wood, painted, polished and veined to look like black marble; the side-board is the same, and has no cupboards to spoil the effect of its curved and claw-footed legs. . . . This dining-room is really a combination of the Adam and Empire styles, with some of the ornaments common to both. . . . The drawing-room walls are painted a rich saxe-blue.”



“A COMBINATION OF THE ADAM AND EMPIRE STYLES”: THE DINING-ROOM—ANOTHER VIEW, SHOWING ITS DELIGHTFUL LITTLE ADAM MANTELPiece AND FRIEZE.



“EMINENTLY A ROOM BRINGING HARMONY AND CONTENTMENT TO THE OCCUPANT”: THE DRAWING-ROOM, WITH BLACK CARPET, YELLOW CURTAINS, AND WALLS OF RICH SAXE-BLUE.

We resume here the series (temporarily suspended for reasons of space during the Near East crisis) illustrating the interiors of notable London houses, which are typical of the best domestic taste of the time in furniture and decoration. The series began in our issue of September 16, with Lady Islington's Adam house in Portman Square, continuing on September 23 with Sir Philip Sassoon's house in Park Lane, and on the 30th with Mrs. Asquith's house in Bedford Square. We now deal, in the photographs above and the article opposite, with a house on, a smaller scale, proving that great size is not indispensable to the making of a beautiful home. The house in question is that of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Ralph

Glyn, at No. 55, Seymour Street. Mrs. Ralph Glyn is the elder daughter of Lord Derwent, and her first husband, Brigadier-General Walter Long, son of Viscount Long, was killed in the war in 1917. Three years later she married Major Ralph George Campbell Glyn, M.C., who is M.P. (Coalition Unionist) for Clackmannan and East Stirlingshire. He is the only son of the Rt. Rev. the Hon. Edward Carr Glyn, formerly Bishop of Peterborough, and of Lady Mary Glyn, daughter of the eighth Duke of Argyll. Major Glyn joined the Rifle Brigade in 1904, and during the war served in France, at the Dardanelles, and in the Balkans, being four times mentioned in despatches.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

SEVERAL new novels tempted me this week, and I had intended to get through them for this page, but—Something intervened, and the stories are still sealed books to me. Even the enticing pictures on the "jackets" called in vain. I wonder, by the way, if the picture outside is always an advantage. One is apt to weave one's own story in advance, and great expectations are not invariably realised. That, however, opens up too big a question to be thrashed out here to-day. It is purely a matter of taste, and if personally I prefer my books to come to me unjacketed in a plain and even a severe binding, so that no preliminary hints shall stand between me and the author's own words, my preference may only mean inability to see the other fellow's point of view.

In this case the Something that stood between me and the new stories was not a giddy jacket, but a very sober book, decently plain in its cover. This hard narrative of fact got me and held me down as few novels can. When you hear the title of the book you may call me a morbid-minded wretch. So be it; I sin in the best of company. "Two blacks," you will remind me, "don't, etc."; but, at any rate, my companions are white men. There has never, I imagine, been a whiter man than Sir Walter Scott, who said the most flattering things ever said about the sort of book I have in mind. He happens also to fit our particular question exactly, for he is discussing the great case of Reader v. Novel, State Trials intervening. The murder is now out. The book that kept me away from recent novels by the young and the elderly—I wanted especially to renew acquaintance with Mr. Benjamin Swift, so long silent that his reappearance is almost a resurrection—the intervening book, I say, was the latest volume of that admirable series, "Notable British Trials."

For the companion series, "Notable Scottish Trials," a perfect motto will be found in the passages of Scott already mentioned. The series is its own best advocate, but those who may object that such reading is a doubtful substitute for works of pure imagination will find a complete answer in the Introduction to "The Heart of Midlothian." That Introduction, which contains one of those charming subsidiary short stories which look so like narratives of fact that one hardly questions their authenticity—you will recall another gem of the same kind in "Quentin Durward"—brings upon the scene, you remember, two young lawyers who discuss the rivalry between the records of great criminal causes and the novel. "In the State Trials," says our Scottish advocate, Hardie, "every now and then you read new pages of the human heart, and turns of fortune far beyond what the boldest novelist ever attempted to produce from the coinage of his brain." He adds, "Oh, do but wait till I publish the *Causés Célèbres* of Caledonia, and you will find no want of a novel or a tragedy for some time to come. The true thing will triumph over the brightest inventions of the most ardent imagination."

In the demand for their British and their Scottish series, Messrs. Hodge, the publishers, must have seen ample fulfilment of Mr. Hardie the advocate's prophecy. With these books at hand the reader will certainly have "no want of a novel or a tragedy for some time to come." There one can read new pages of the human heart and turns of fortune that beggar fiction.

The new volume in the British Series, "THE TRIAL OF GEORGE JOSEPH SMITH" (Wm. Hodge and Co.; 10s. 6d.) has been edited by Mr. Eric R. Watson, LL.B., who gave us the supremely interesting "Trial of Thurtell and Hunt." Of Smith one need say no more than that he was what the newspapers called "The Brides in the Bath Murderer." This is not the place to go into details of Smith's crimes. They fascinated me less than Mr. Watson's masterly Introduction, which qualifies its inevitable legality

with a fine literary flavour. He was happily inspired to take as his keynote two stanzas from "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," and that grim vision remains with him throughout his essay. He lays De Quincey, Balzac, Paul Bourget, and the strictly scientific criminal psychologists under contribution as he examines Smith's mentality; but it is to "Reading Gaol" that he returns at the last, making, as the musicians say, a full close.

All the circumstances combine, the editor notes, to make this a "notable trial indeed." It is without

murder, and only to end like any common cut-purse of the old hanging days!"

I venture to think that no other editor of these Trials has probed so deeply as Mr. Watson into a criminal's mind or has illustrated the mystery of human depravity with greater skill. One need not be a lawyer or a criminologist to understand and appreciate (one might even say, "enjoy") this Introduction which makes a notable trial more notable still.

To turn now to minor delinquencies. Although current fiction went by the board, I had already seen my way through several books, not novels, when the Notable Trial intervened. One of these volumes, it is gratifying to note, has already made its way into the list of "Best Sellers: Miscellaneous." If it be a record of crime, the crime is very venial, for it consists chiefly of agreeable revelations of the secrets of the prison-house; to wit, the world of the Press, the Stage, the literary club, and the Society that has moved thereabouts since Nineteen Hundred. There is even a glimpse of this Office under a former dispensation, and a faithfully pleasant portrait of the late Mr. John Latey, who, with seventy just round the corner, was still "Mr. John Latey, Junior."

The book brought me at least one moment of unholy personal excitement, which it would not have done had the author not warned his readers at the outset that he was to write only about Nobodies, whom he considers more interesting than the Somebodies. That was why my heart almost stood still with expectation when I came upon the following passage—

Of all the host who now write about books and their authors—in the dailies and weeklies and monthlies and quarterlies—the one who does so best is, I fancy

Like Paolo and Francesca, I "read no more," for a moment or two. The situation was too thrilling. One felt as one did long ago when the result of an examination was being announced. Who would be the lucky man? Could it be that, at last, after a lifetime of deserving obscurity, Fame had found an humble scribe, even your memorialist, who will ever pray, etc.?

At last, I took my courage in both eyes and read on. No; Fame had once more eluded her follower. The name of the successful candidate, Mr. Clement Shorter, was, however, no surprise, except that he should be classed, by implication, with the Nobodies to whom the author promises to confine his remarks. I am sure that Mr. Reginald Auberon, author of "THE NINETEEN HUNDREDS" (Allen and Unwin; 12s. 6d.), did not intend any subtle backhander to the most kindly of contemporary *causeurs*. The pseudonymous Reginald Auberon is not the man to do that. If he be the man I take him for, I don't think his real name begins with "A." I may be wrong, but I should "spell it with a 'we,' Sammy, spell it with a 'we,'" and chance it, always remembering what initial was in the elder Weller's mind when he said that.

Sweet Auberon, loveliest village-lad of ours, is like Mr. Marlow, an "agreeable rattle," not of the

ladies' club alone. In Clubs he specialises. It is good to hear from him that the Poets' Club Committee "took very strong action" when a member rhymed "Savonarola" with "spats and bowler." One rejoices to have a literary police at hand when—

The young poet climbs

The rungs of his crimes.

Mr. Auberon's immoderately indiscreet but hugely entertaining reminiscences ought to bring him more substantial reward than an earlier work of his, which he found second-hand in the Caledonian Market marked "6d., but worth 9d." Yet, even then, the Market, though depressed, was discerning.



OPENED BY THE QUEEN WITH A SILVER KEY: THE NEW MEMORIAL GATEWAY AT HOLYROOD—SHOWING THEIR MAJESTIES WITH THE ARCHITECT, MR. WASHINGTON BROWNE (LEFT) AND THE LORD PROVOST (RIGHT).

After the King had unveiled the statue of King Edward at Holyrood, their Majesties proceeded to the new gateway at the Canongate entrance, which forms part of the memorial. Here the architect, Mr. Washington Browne, handed to the Queen a silver key, with which she turned the lock, and the gates were opened.—[Photograph by Topical.]



AFTER THE UNVEILING BY THE KING: THEIR MAJESTIES LEAVING THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL MEMORIAL STATUE OF KING EDWARD AT HOLYROOD, WITH LORD PROVOST HUTCHISON.

At Holyrood Palace on October 10, the King unveiled a fine bronze statue of his father, the work of Mr. Henry S. Gamley, R.S.A., which, with the new gateway, also illustrated here, forms the Scottish national memorial to King Edward. In his address to the King before the unveiling, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Mr. Thomas Hutchison, mentioned that there were over 14,000 individual subscribers to the memorial. His Majesty replied on behalf of the Queen and himself and Queen Alexandra.—[Photograph by I.B.]

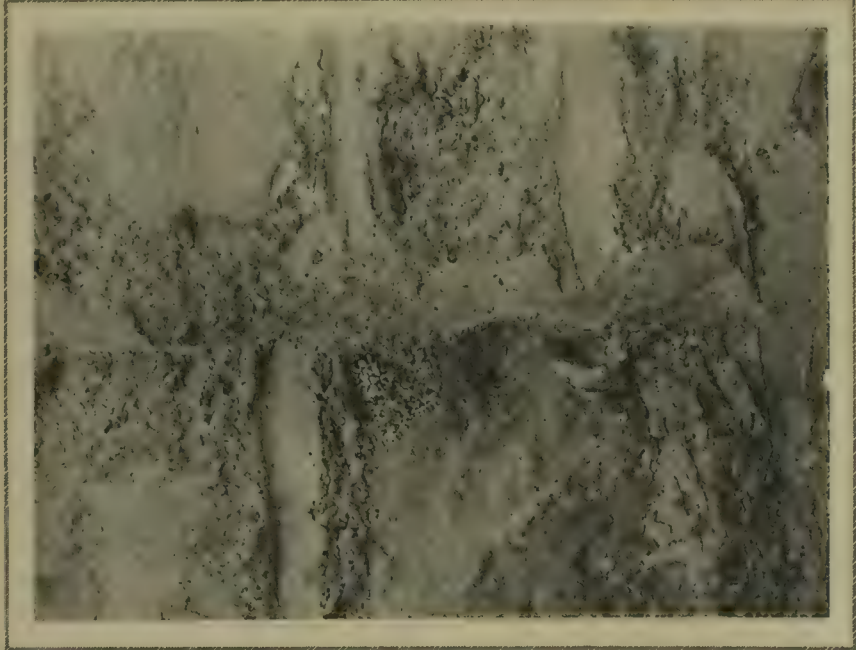
a parallel in the history of any age or country. "It was the longest murder trial since Palmer's, sixty years earlier; and even Palmer can hardly dispute with Smith the unenviable title of the most atrocious English criminal. Mr. Watson wonders if the culprit, with his smattering of book knowledge, had ever heard of Nero's attempt to drown his mother Agrippina; whether he knew the Emperor's last words, "What an artist dies in me!" Admitting that it is idle to speculate, the editor believes that Smith's last thoughts (if he was capable of thinking on the gallows) must have been of self-pity—"What an artist to perish, to have thought out a new mode of

NATURE'S PUZZLE-PICTURES: FIND THE MOTH IN THESE PHOTOGRAPHS!

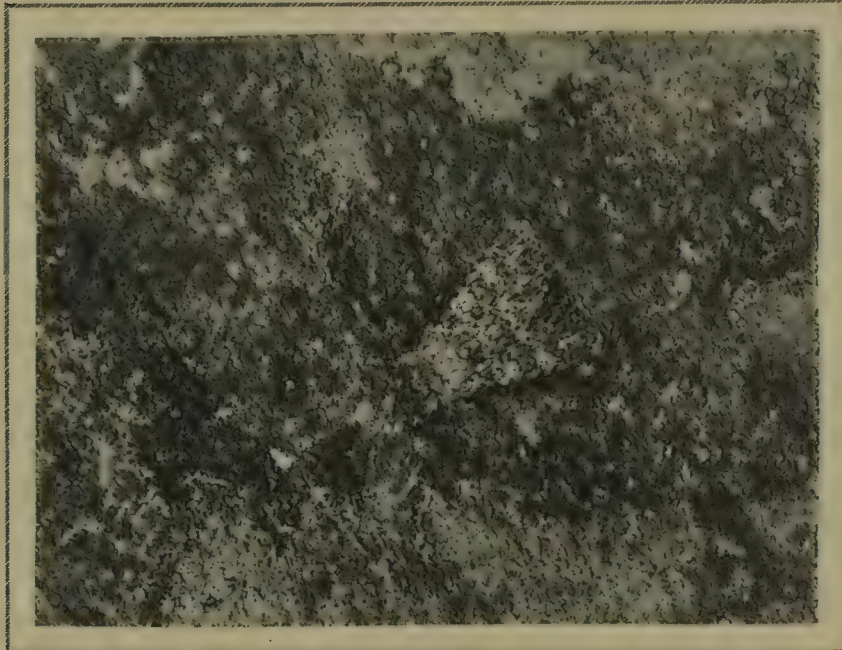
PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. H. HAMM, F.E.S. SHOWN AT THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.



ALMOST INVISIBLE AGAINST AN OLD STONE WALL ON WHICH IT IS RESTING: A MARBLED BEAUTY MOTHS (*BRYOPHILA PERLA*).



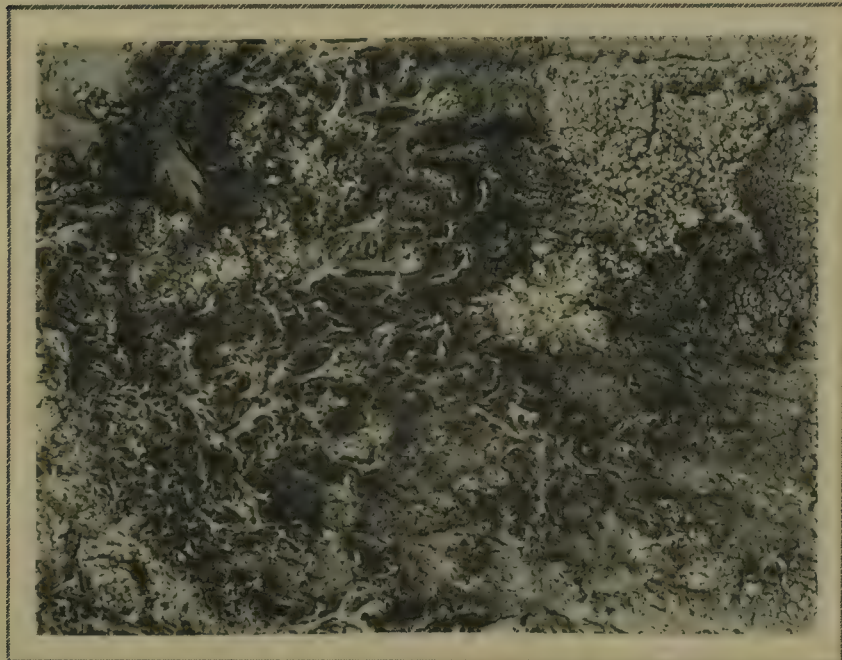
HARDLY DISTINGUISHABLE FROM ITS BACKGROUND: A MARBLED GREEN MOTHS (*BRYOPHILA MURALIS*) RESTING ON A GRANITE WALL.



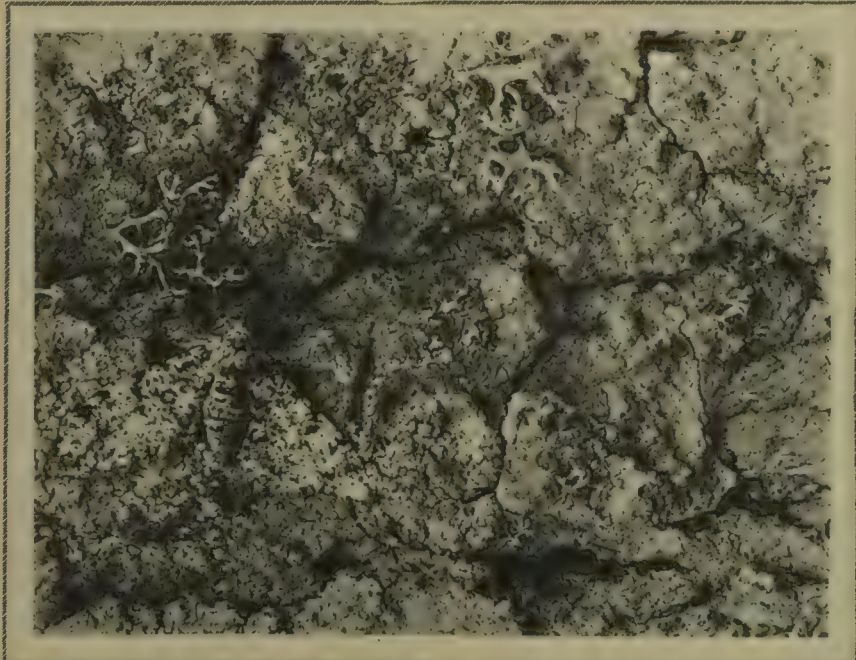
A CASE OF PROTECTIVE COLORATION: A LARGE RANUNCULUS MOTHS (*POLIA FLAVICINCTA*) AT REST ON AN OLD STONE WALL.



NATURAL CAMOUFLAGE IN THE MARKING OF THE WINGS: A GREY CHI MOTHS (*POLIA CHI*) INCONSPICUOUS ON AN OLD STONE WALL.



CONCEALED BY ITS CLOSE RESEMBLANCE TO ITS SURROUNDINGS: A GREY ARCHES MOTHS (*APECTA NEBULOSA*) RESTING ON AN OAK TRUNK.



AN EXAMPLE OF ADAPTATION TO ENVIRONMENT: A PEPPERED MOTHS (*AMPHIDASYS BETULARIA*) ON THE TRUNK OF AN OAK TREE.

The principle of protective coloration in animals, which inspired all the camouflage used in the war, is well exemplified in these photographs, which illustrate the resting habits of some common British moths, and the resemblance of their wing markings to the surface of walls and tree-trunks on which they rest. The photographs, which were all taken *in situ*, and show the moths in their actual size, are the work of Mr. A. H. Hamm, of Oxford, a Fellow of the Entomological Society, and are on view in the Natural History Section of the Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain, at 35, Russell Square. The difficulty

of "spotting" the moths in the photographs, notably those at the top and bottom of the page, suggests a comparison with those puzzle pictures in which a face or figure is deliberately concealed by the artist. The Peppered Moth, it may be noted, is given in Mr. F. E. Hulme's "Butterflies and Moths of the Countryside" as an example of adaptation to environment in the matter of coloration. "Many insects," he says, "when found in London, or other towns, are much darker in colour than amidst rural surroundings, since the lighter specimens are too conspicuous for their well-being when at rest on begrimed tree-trunks or palings."

BAMBOO POLES AGAINST GARLANDED FANATICS: THE SIKH SHRINES.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



WITH GURKHA POLICE (IN FOREGROUND) ON GUARD INSIDE WIRE ENCLOSING LAND BELONGING TO THE MAHANTS (SHRINE-KEEPERS): A SIKH DEMONSTRATION.



ARMED WITH LATHIS (BAMBOO POLES): POLICE AT GURU-KA-BAGH MARCHING TO MEET SIKH FANATICS ATTEMPTING TO TRESPASS ON THE MAHANTS' PROPERTY.



ASSEMBLED BEFORE THE ALTAR OF IMMORTALITY IN THE GOLDEN TEMPLE AT AMRITSAR: AKALIS (SIKH FANATICS) RECITING THEIR MORNING SCRIPTURE BEFORE TAKING AN OATH OF "NON-VIOLENCE," OR PASSIVE RESISTANCE TO THE GOVERNMENT.



STANDING IN AN ATTITUDE OF PRAYER TO TAKE THE OATH: AKALIS AT THE GOLDEN TEMPLE—PART OF THE PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE.



TYPICAL OF A CLASS OF WHOM 1400 HAVE BEEN ARRESTED: GARLANDED AKALIS, INCITED TO "CONVERT THE GAOLS INTO HEAVEN."

It was reported early this month that the agitation at Guru-ka-Bagh, near Amritsar, in the Punjab, for the reform of Sikh shrines, was growing more serious. The disturbances, it was stated, were organised by a body known as the Parbandhak Committee, which refused to accept the Government Bill dealing with 261 of the shrines, except on condition that all Sikh prisoners should be released. The Committee declared the number of shrines included in the Bill to be inadequate, and sent emissaries throughout the province to discover other shrines, preferably with rich property attached. The Mahants (curators of the shrines)

issued counter-propaganda, and their property was protected by police. Many think that the Government should treat the Parbandhak Committee as a frankly revolutionary body. Its propaganda has affected Indian regiments in the Punjab, and it has incited the Akalis (Sikh fanatics) to gather from surrounding villages every day, and get themselves arrested in such numbers as to embarrass the authorities. A proclamation urged them to come to Amritsar and "convert the gaols into Heaven." By 12th October 1400 arrests had been made. A great Akali demonstration recently celebrated the birthday of Guru Ram Das, founder of Amritsar.

NOT FORGOTTEN: WAR MEMORIALS AT HOME AND ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, SILK, L.N.A., AND TOPPING.



TO HONOUR 90,000 WHO FOUGHT AND 10,000 WHO FELL: THE UNVEILING OF THE LEEDS WAR MEMORIAL BY VISCOUNT LASCELLES—A GREAT GATHERING IN CITY SQUARE.



TO COMMEMORATE A GREAT FEAT OF ARMS BY NEW ZEALANDERS: THE NEW ZEALAND MEMORIAL UNVEILED AT LONGUEVAL—GENERAL SIR H. T. HUGHES SPEAKING.



UNVEILED BY GENERAL SIR CHARLES MONRO (ON RIGHT, SPEAKING): THE STREATHAM WAR MEMORIAL.



UNVEILED BY EARL HAIG (SEEN TOWARDS THE LEFT IN THE PHOTOGRAPH): THE STIRLING CENOTAPH IN MEMORY OF 692 MEN OF THE TOWN.

Many thousands of people assembled in the City Square at Leeds on October 14 to see the unveiling of the War Memorial by Viscount Lascelles. It was dedicated by the Vicar of Leeds and handed over to the city by Colonel Walter Harding. In accepting it, the Lord Mayor of Leeds said that over 90,000 men of the city joined the Colours in the war, and more than 10,000 of them fell. Lord Lascelles said that a generation supposed to have been educated in materialism had risen to a greater height of idealism than any preceding generation of our race. The memorial, designed by Mr. H. C. Fehr, is a winged figure of Victory in bronze (11 ft. high) on a 20-ft. pyramid of white marble.—The Battle Memorial to the

New Zealand Division at Longueval, on the 'Somme, commemorates the New Zealanders' attack there in 1916, which lasted 23 days and cost 7000 lives. It is built, of Italian-marble, on the site of the Switch Trench, the chief objective. The architect was Mr. S. H. Seager. The unveiling was performed by Sir Francis Bell, Leader of Council in New Zealand.—The Streatham War Memorial was dedicated by the Bishop of Southwark, seen on the left in our photograph.—On October 14, at Stirling, Earl Haig unveiled a cenotaph to the memory of 692 men of the town who fell in the war. It was designed by Mr. G. R. Davidson. The names are recorded in a Book of Remembrance in the Public Library.



NELSON'S SUPREME HOUR AT TRAFALGAR—OCTOBER 21, 1805.

FROM THE DRAWING BY A. FORESTIER. (COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.—C.R. SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 636.)



IN THE BANK.
FOREIGNER: "Please give me change for a five note."
BANK-CLERK: "I am sorry, Sir, but I have given it in ten-mark notes. We are short of big notes—the State Printing Office is on strike again!"

GERMANY LAUGHING AT HERSELF: A WELL-KNOWN THE FOREIGNER—

THE following candid and amusing account of present-day life in Berlin, where everyone conspires to flatter and fleece the foreigner—particularly the Englishman and the American—is of especial interest as coming from the pen of a well-known German journalist, Herr Martin Proskauer, Editor of the "Berliner Lokal Anzeiger." Any evidence that Germany is developing a keener sense of humour, and beginning to see herself as others see her, may be taken as a sign of grace. The illustrations, which have not hitherto been published, were specially drawn for the article by Mr. Laszlo Fodor, a Hungarian artist. Herr Proskauer writes: "Recently a well-known German financier said: 'The word "Valuta" is used to-day by people who some years ago thought it the Christian name of a girl. Indeed, "Valuta" (exchange) is in everybody's mouth in Germany; and Mr. Greengrocer, reading the exchange-list in his favourite paper and raising the price of eggs twice daily, answers his wailing customers with a shrug of his shoulders: 'You know, mein Herr, the Valuta!' Everybody talks shop, everybody has got some dollars or pounds, and is looking for more like a treasure-seeker. Therefore, it is no wonder that travelling visitors from England or the United States are focussing on their worthy persons the ardent interest of all Germans they meet. On the railway, in the tram or 'bus, in the lobby of the hotel, even in the stalls of the theatre, any English-looking or English-speaking man is always accosted in a very polite but German manner. Invariably the course of conversation is the same. The accosting one begins with some casual remarks about the war, and then comes the inevitable remark: 'Well, our English adversaries were fair fighters. But for the American help, we should have got them!' Then he proceeds to speak about the 'Valuta,' and at once drops into talking business. Sometimes it will be a mere attempt to diddle the foreigner, but often the object is to start a serious transaction. The German 'acoster-monger' even dives into his pockets and produces samples of something—cheap fountain-pens, silver pencil-holders, woolen cloth, imitation silk, a list of second-hand motor-cars, typewritten in several languages. In the course

(Continued opposite.)



THE "FOREIGNERS" IN BERLIN.
HERR SCHULTZ: FROM DRESDEN (to his wife) "Now, look at these foreigners; they are simply stowing away all the finest delicatessen."
FRANZ MEYER: FROM HAMBURG (to her husband) "and leaving nothing for us!"



HERR POLYGLOT, THE RUBBERNECK-MAN.
"Now, I will explain the uses of Berlin in three languages. Ladies and Gentlemen, that is the Reichstag. 'Parliament. Medoans et messieurs, c'est le Reichstag. Das ist der Reichstag, Herrschaften!"



THE HALL-PORTER (ADDRESSED IN GERMAN).
FOREIGNER: "Zimmer, bitte!" (A room, please.)
THE MIGHTY MAN: "Nix frei!" (Nothing vacant.)

BERLIN EDITOR DESCRIBES HOW BERLINERS FLEECE WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

of a week the foreign guest will have got offers of anything that is produced or dealt with in Germany. The main streets of Berlin have altered their appearance with a view to attracting the foreigner. Most shopwindows are exposing their highest-priced goods, and bear on the glass a small painted Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes, with the printed line underneath: 'English spoken here.' Sometimes this 'English spoken' proves to be poor stuff, and the unhappy clerk, carefully watched by the painstaking shopkeeper, is in a pretty mess with his alleged 'perfect English'; but often fluently speaking clerks are to be found in the big stores, who serve their customers with the utmost obligingness. That is not surprising, because the foreigner has to pay the 'Exportzuschlag' (an additional charge for exportation) for everything he buys—to the benefit of the merchant, minus a small percentage for the State. The beggar-nuisance—before the war practically unknown in Prussian streets—has become a serious trouble for the authorities. The beggars have solved their own labour problem, their daily prey amounting to 500 marks and more, while an honest workman now makes only about 300 marks a day. 'Unter den Linden,' the only great tree-lined avenue in Berlin, the street of the big hotels, is the headquarters and meeting-place of the beggars. Only some days ago I overheard a quarrel between a 'disabled soldier' and 'a poor widow who had seen better days, with her starving child.' 'You cheeky blackguard,' the widow of the better days yelled, 'how dare you cage my "Amerikaner"! I will pay you out for it!' 'Well, I think anybody can ask the foreigner for money,' said the man. 'No,' snapped the irate woman; 'this stout man with the yellow overcoat is mine—and hands off for everybody!' Street-vendors are also busy in the foreigners' quarters. They sell everything—newspapers, maps of Berlin, match-boxes, shoe-straps, little puppies ('Here, Mister, a fine thoroughbred, I give security and pedigree with every dog,' one very doubtful-looking 'type' offers to all passers-by). At street corners, where the sightseeing cars wait for their passengers, the crowd of street-vendors lies in ambush. They watch closely the little bow-legged conductor, who

(Continued in Box 2.)



THE GUEST FROM WONDERLAND.
THE WAITERS' WATCHWORD: "Wait on that gentleman carefully—he has dollars!"



THE "LEARNED" POLICEMAN, WHO CAN "SPEAK" FOREIGN LANGUAGES.
FOREIGNER: "Be quick, Mr. Policeman, that man has stolen my watch!"
THE POLICEMAN: "Langsam, Mister; erst muss ich nachsehen, was 'bee' beist!" (Steady, Mister; first I must look up what is 'bee' in German!)

rents, these amount to-day only to the quadruple of peace time; while all other costs of living have centupled and more. But the law is in force only for flats and houses; furnished rooms are excepted, and in the open market; therefore, a tenant in the 'beasts Viertel' (west-end quarters), who has let one or two rooms, can pay his own rent, and still make a clear profit. Many swell restaurants have sprung up with sanguine hopes of being frequented by wealthy foreigners whose pockets bulge with easily spent dollar and pound notes. The prices of the menu and of the wine list are made to match a 'feine Kundschaft' (generous patronage), and, last but not least, a jazz-band is provided, always called 'the only original Hawaiian band in Berlin,' whose members are mostly out-of-work fellows of the good old gipsy band, or even Russian Jews, all dressed in white trousers and shirts, decorated with a big yellow rope round the shoulders, in 'the genuine Hawaiian style.' The waiters in these restaurants near the 'Kurfürstendamm' have a never-failing sharp eye for distinguishing the customers. They fairly smell the nationality and the corresponding amount of the future tip; so the unfortunate German—if he doesn't happen to be a big 'Schieber' (profiteer), arriving in his own car, puffing a big cigar and then greeted with a humble: 'In Abend, Herr Direktor!' (short for 'Guten Abend—'Good evening')—I say, the unfortunate German can't expect to have a joyous and well-served meal in the sacred rooms specially built for the idleness of the double-faced goddess 'Valuta.'"



THE HALL-PORTER (ADDRESSED IN ENGLISH).
THE FOREIGNER: "Excuse you, I want a room!"
THE HUMBLE SERVANT: "Beg your pardon, Sir—certainly, we have plenty of rooms!"



A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.
THE SIGHT-SEEING-CAR CONDUCTOR (with the "kolossal" advertising cap): "Past, Sie, Mister—will you make a very fine rundfahrt through all Berlin—cheap, cheap, only 300 marks for you—Mister, come, very fine!"
THE GERMAN (punch-hoof from Berlin), mistaken for an Auslander: "Why do you call me a bloomin' Mister—can't you smell I am from here?"

GERMANY BEGINS TO SEE HERSELF AS OTHERS SEE HER THE QUEST OF POUND AND DOLLAR IN BERLIN.

With Raw 'Uns and in Mufflers: Boxing Then and Now.

"KNUCKLES AND GLOVES." By BOHUN LYNCH.*

MR. BOHUN LYNCH, himself an amateur of middle-weight merit, is not vastly intrigued by the professional boxing of to-day and its promotions, publicities, and preposterous purses. But there is much in the glove fight that was not in the days of bare knuckles: the old prize-ring lived on brutality and died of boredom, says Sir Theodore Cook. "To-day we see Carpentier knock out his man scientifically in less than a single round, instead of watching Tom Sayers, with one arm, fighting the Benicia Boy, and only getting a draw after two hours and twenty minutes." And how nicely the modern "K.O." is calculated Mr. Lynch shows in his description of the Jefferies-Fitzsimmons contest of 1899: "There was no time for thinking, only for an instinctive effort to do his best, to put in one of his very best and hardest blows on the point of the jaw—not the exact point, but an inch or so on either side of the exact point. That was where the impact of his glove must come, that part of his glove behind which lay the protruding knuckle of his second finger—the striking point of the anatomical piston. He must land that blow with terrific force, and the sharp upper end of the jaw would be levered up to the bundle of nerves at the place where the skull is thinnest, the semi-circular canals behind the ear would be temporarily deranged, the sense of equilibrium would go, there would be, speaking roughly and somewhat incorrectly, a slight and quickly passing concussion of the brain. The victim would fall."

That is the precision which is the great gulf fixed between, say, 1719 and 1922; for seldom is there the "ruthlessness" of the recent Siki-Carpentier and Beckett-Moran encounters.

Mr. Bohun compares: "Of scientific boxing, as we understand it, there was comparatively little, though in the heyday of the prize-ring—roughly speaking, the first quarter of the nineteenth century—the foundations of the exact science were well laid. However, the chief qualifications for a good pugilist were strength and courage, even as they are to-day. But, besides hitting, the fighters might close and wrestle, and many a hard battle was lost by a good boxer whose strength was worn out by repeated falls, falls made the more damaging when a hulking opponent threw himself, as at one time he was allowed to do, on top of him.

"The other principal differences between old and modern boxing were these: it was one of a man's first considerations to hit his antagonist hard about the eyes, so that they swelled up and he could not see. Men strong and otherwise unhurt were often beaten like that. Secondly, bare knuckles, in hard repeated contact with hard heads, were apt to be 'knocked up' after a time. The use of gloves, though it probably makes a knock-out easier and quicker, obviates these two difficulties. However, even with the heavy 'pudden' of an eight-ounce glove, the danger to the striker, though much lessened, is not entirely avoided, and I once put out two knuckles of my left, at the same time breaking a bone at the back of my hand in contact with an opponent's elbow with which he guarded his ribs. This sort of accident is very rare."

Curiously enough, however, despite the harder blows he had to stand up to, the "pug" would enter the ring in a semi-soft state no present-day backers would tolerate. But he was game to a fault, and fights with the raw 'uns were less frequent than are those with "mufflers," for the simple reason that the damage done by and to knuckles took long to heal. His reputation depended not only on his skill with his fists and his ring-craft, but on his ability to receive punishment; to struggle on, blinded and bleeding, bruised, dazed, groggy at the knees, with hands cut, pulped, and puffed. "The men fought to a finish—that is, until one or other of them failed to come up to the scratch, chalked in the mid-ring, and until the

seconds and backers gave in for them, which last does not seem to have happened very often. A round ended with a knock-down or a fall from wrestling, and half a minute only was allowed for rest and recovery." So we find such matches as that of ninety-three rounds between Bendigo—otherwise William Thompson, a triplet nicknamed Abednego—and Ben Caunt, during which Bendigo sent in a left which caught Caunt on the right cheek and knocked him clean off his feet, "actually lifting his fourteen stone in the air"; that of sixty-two rounds in an hour and a quarter between Tom Johnson, the fourteen-stone corn-porter, and Isaac Perrins, the seventeen-stone Birmingham man who is said to have lifted eight hundredweight of iron into a waggon without effort; that of seventy-five rounds in two hours and ten minutes by Tom Spring,

worse, and once in his own corner he gave his own second a stinger in mistake for Sayers. In the thirty-ninth round he got Sayers's head under his left arm when in a corner. He was too weak to hit him severely whilst in chancery, but leant upon the stake and held on to Sayers as though trying to strangle him. The champion could not move his head, try and pull and twist it as he would, but with a great effort he got his left free and from his awkward position planted a couple of blows. Heenan then twisted round so that Sayers's neck was tight against the upper rope, as he leaned hard on it. The Englishman gradually grew black in the face, and it was evident that he could not breathe. Both the umpires called out 'Cut the rope,' and this was promptly done. By the rules they should have directed the seconds to separate the men; but no doubt they believed that this method was, in the circumstances, hardly quick enough."

Falling heavily on the opponent after throwing him was usual; spiked shoes were not always confined to their legitimate purpose; a fall without being hit, with the object of ending a round and getting a "breather," was common; all sorts of rules were broken. Yet, for the courage of the men—the brute courage, if you will—there must be admiration. Time after time a fighter would go down, be revived by brandy, douches of cold water, and ear-biting; and be up to the scratch, only to fall again, and be revived again, until nature would stand no more, and a man with a red ruin of a face, as Hazlitt put it, would have to confess defeat. Think of Sayers with a battered and numbed, useless forearm with a broken tendon, fighting round after round, disguising his hurt from his opponent, although in exquisite pain; of "Hammer" Lane's stand with fractured right forearm, guarding and hitting with his left against Yankee Sullivan from the fourth round to the seventeenth, when his backers gave in for him after a contest lasting for thirty-four minutes!

Little wonder that, on occasion the men were not in a hurry to begin. Mr. Lynch writes: "Then, as now, boxers realised the prime importance of a good

start, of landing, if possible, a terrific and discouraging smasher in the first round. Many fights have been won like that... the first two rounds occupied twenty minutes... They boxed at long range, and each seemed to be mortally afraid of the other—or rather, to respect him. Once a blow was struck by either,

his opponent hastened to return it with all speed... In the third round [Jack Randall v. Ned Turner] the spectators and even the men's seconds became impatient... The pauses between bouts were so protracted that... Tom Cribb asked for his night-cap and told his neighbours to wake him up when the fighting started again."

With all these things, and many another, Mr. Bohun Lynch deals brilliantly, picturing realistically the "primitive" prize-ring of other days and the "refined" boxing of to-day, describing the great fights of both, and not forgetting to add: "It is the hangers-on, the parasites, the vermin of sport, outside the ring, the field, the race-course, who never risked nor meant to risk a broken nose or a thick ear, who are out for money and for money alone, by fair means for choice (as being, on the whole, the better policy), but by foul means readily enough rather than not at all—these are the men who bring every institution upon which they batten into bad repute." His book is assured of wide popularity, even amongst those to whom the rules of the game are Greek; for even they have heard of Broughton, Mendoza, Jem Belcher and Tom Cribb, Gulley, Molineux, Bendigo, Tom Sayers, Jackson and Slavin, Corbett and Fitzsimmons, Burns and Jack Johnson, Beckett, Wells, Dempsey, Carpentier, and Jimmy Wilde. And here it should be added that Mr. Lynch deals mainly with the "big 'uns," largely because in prize-ring times there was but one championship of England—"the best man that could be found."

E. H. G.



WELTER-WEIGHT (RET.): JOHNNY BASHAM.



MIDDLE-WEIGHT: KID LEWIS.



HEAVY-WEIGHT: JOE BECKETT



LIGHT-HEAVY-WEIGHT: JACK BLOOMFIELD.

PROFESSIONAL BOXERS OF TO-DAY: SOME CHAMPIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Photographs by Jacobs, Illus. Bureau, and Sport and General.

the champion of England in 1824, and Jack Langan, the champion of Ireland; and that of fifty-nine rounds in an hour and ten minutes between the Game Chicken and John Gulley, afterwards M.P. for Pontefract.

Tactics were by no means those now tolerated; there are notorious examples. Manœuvring your man so that the sun might embarrass him was obvious and fair enough; the same cannot be said of most of the other tricks of the ring. Take the case of John Jackson and Daniel Mendoza. "There was a fierce exchange of blows during which the Jew's head was lowered as he lunged forward with his right to the body. Jackson stepped aside to avoid the blow and caught Mendoza by his somewhat long hair, twisting his fingers in it, whilst with his free hand he upper-cut him again and again.

"Mendoza's friends instantly appealed to the umpires, but, Egan tells us, 'they deemed it perfectly consistent with the rules of fighting.'"

Equally "out of bounds" was the conduct of Heenan with Tom Sayers: "Heenan's sight became

* "Knuckles and Gloves." By Bohun Lynch. Introduction by Sir Theodore Cook. Illustrated. (W. Collins, Sons, and Co.; 15s. net).

THE FIRST PLATYPUS TO EMIGRATE: NEW YORK'S UNIQUE SPECIMEN.

BY COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY. PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELWIN R. SANBORN.

A FULL account of that extraordinary creature, the duck-billed platypus of Australia and Tasmania, by Mr. W. P. Pycraft, the well-known zoologist, appeared in our issue of April 8 last, along with remarkable photographs by Mr. Harry Burrell, of Sydney, showing the burrow, nest, eggs, and young at various stages, as well as the full-grown animal. The platypus digs a long and intricate burrow inland from the bank of a stream, and builds its nest where the burrow emerges on the surface of the ground. The special interest of the photographs we now give is that they show the first specimen that has ever "emigrated." Writing recently in the New York Zoological Society "Bulletin," Dr. W. T. Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoological Park, says: "Mr. Ellis S. Joseph has brought to the Zoological Park the first and only platypus, whose other name is *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*, that ever landed alive in any country outside of Australia. Its arrival alive represents the final triumph of the efforts of Mr. Joseph throughout five

[Continued opposite.

A MAMMAL THAT LAYS EGGS LIKE A REPTILE: A DUCK-BILLED PLATYPUS (*ORNITHORHYNCHUS*) PHOTOGRAPHED FROM ABOVE.

[Continued.]

years to find out how to keep the platypus alive in captivity and transport it. Thus far not a single specimen of this animal ever has reached Europe, and even in Australia it has not been considered possible to keep it alive in a zoological garden, and exhibit it. But Mr. Joseph has accomplished the impossible, showing that even the most difficult animal in the world not only can be kept alive in captivity in Australia on his own farm, but can be delivered in good health and as good as new at New York's Zoological Park. The contrivance in which it has been brought to America is a wonder, beside which the most complicated incubator ever created is as simple as a child's toy. . . . The wonderful thing about this species, which is about the size of a musk-rat, is that it reproduces by laying eggs. It has webbed feet and a broad, flat bill slightly resembling the bill of a duck. It is covered with short brown hair, and its tail is broad and flat. The mother has no nipples, but is able to exude the milk through the skin at the

[Continued below.



"THE ONLY PLATYPUS EVER LANDED ALIVE IN ANY COUNTRY OUTSIDE AUSTRALIA": THE SPECIMEN IN THE NEW YORK "ZOO."



IN ITS WONDERFUL TANK HOME, MODELLED ON ITS NATURAL BURROWS: THE PLATYPUS CLIMBING OUT OF THE TANK.



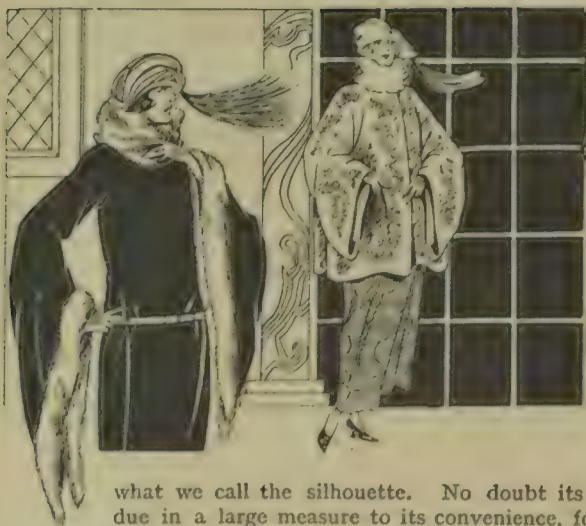
THE MOST DIFFICULT ANIMAL IN THE WORLD TO KEEP ALIVE IN CAPTIVITY: THE PLATYPUS IN THE NEW YORK "ZOO," WHICH WILL DIE IF TOO MUCH DISTURBED, AND IS ONLY ON VIEW FOR ABOUT ONE HOUR A DAY.

[Continued.]

milk glands, and the helpless young can lick and draw it off the fur and so obtain nourishment. It is known throughout the world as the lowest of the mammals now living, and the connecting link between the classes of mammals and birds. Its nearest relative is the egg-laying echidna. . . . Judging by our new and untamed specimen, it appears that a platypus is about the worst exhibition animal in the world, and it is probable that only a very few people of New York's millions will be able to see this one. The animal is very nervous and will not permit itself to be handled or even to be touched, and it is perfectly

certain that if it is disturbed too much it will speedily die. Its peculiar temperament and its tank life demand for it a secluded room and inspection by visitors limited to about one hour daily. . . . At present all efforts concerning the animal are being devoted to getting it settled down on a living basis. The food of the platypus consists of angle worms and small shrimps. At present the little animal is greatly wearied by its very trying journey by steamer from Australia to San Francisco and from San Francisco by rail to New York. Four other specimens perished in transit, one before leaving the coast of Australia."

THE WORLD OF WOMEN



THE new fashions strike me as old friends with some new features. The cape, which began its career very selectly, is now all over the place—and, like the Irish fishwife's wares, of all sorts and sizes. It accounts for the chief difference in

what we call the silhouette. No doubt its exceeding popularity is due in a large measure to its convenience, for it goes on more easily over the loose dresses now worn than coats. When the days really become chill and the wind searching, capes will probably be found draughty. Meanwhile, they are the popular thing. More exclusive are short loose coats in shape like dressing jackets, in material handsome and differing from that of the skirt with which they are worn, but of the same colour, so that they do not divide up the figure at an unbecoming line. The chief colour seems to be all shades of yellow, from lemon to flaming red. This is seasonable but not new, since we had it before the past season ended. Effective it is, and usually becoming, but we could easily have too much of it. The greens shaded from spruce to yew are, to my mind, newer and more harmonious. These combine well with fine furs, and look distinguished and handsome. We really do want a change from navy-blue for general wear. I counted, in an idle ten minutes in Bond Street last week, fifty-three coats, skirts, and dresses of this colour dear to the British woman. It made quite three-quarters of the costumes which were carried past me by wearers who were, to say the truth, clad more suitably than stylishly. I gathered that we were still economically wearing our old clothes, which is not good for trade.

Queen Alexandra heard doubtless with great sorrow of the death of the Marquis de Soveral, which must also have been a keen personal loss to Queen Amélie and her son King Manoel. Among his intimates he had what seemed the almost unsuitable nickname of the "Blue Monkey." Always remarkably well dressed, he was one of the wittiest and most amusing of men. He was a clever diplomatist of the old school, and was in great demand at all settlements of disputes in Europe and quite a figure at the Hague Conference. As a Portuguese he was strongly Royalist. In England he was a welcome guest in our greatest houses, and to set de Soveral down at the piano was said to be the sure way to secure real pleasure for a roomful of guests. He was also a man greatly beloved by the humble members of his entourage.

London has a way of being always full, and it is full now. The usual habitués are flitting in and out of town, very busy over clothes, for the feminine part, and very fussy over guns and cartridges, cigars, pipes, and tobacco, for the male part. The neutral zone where the sexes meet is in the preparations for hunting. I met two girls and a man opening a parcel in a smart thoroughfare and comparing gloves. Silk string gloves appealed to the girls because they felt all right on their hands and would not be slippery in the wet. The

men fixed their faith on real string gloves, which, they declared, when well made were quite easy on the hands and were not slippery when dry. The girls went on to exhibit hunting veils, but the men lost interest, and one of them said he liked to see girls without veils in the hunting field. "Yes," said the girls, "and you like to laugh at our red noses at dinner," to which the elder man replied that there were worse things than red noses. This stopped the facetiousness, for his own proboscis glowed ruddily.

A most welcome infant was the son born to the Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey. Four beautiful little girls preceded him, and a fifth accompanied him into this planet. The little girls were, before his advent, co-heiresses to the oldest honour of the family, the Barony of Beaudesert, created in 1552. Now their little noses are all out of joint, for the youthful Earl of Uxbridge absorbs all the titles, and also takes precedence as heir of his cousin, Master Henry Alexander Paget. The Marquess of Anglesey is a man of great possessions, and his heir is a very important baby. After all, if the little girls have only their faces for their fortunes, they will do by no means badly. Lord Alexander Paget, Lord Anglesey's father, died with tragic suddenness while on a visit to the late Duke and Duchess of

Buccleuch. Four men came back from the moors after a day's shooting in a brougham. Three got out, and the fourth, Lord Alexander Paget, was found to be dead sitting back in his corner. The little Earl of Uxbridge has as his cousin the premier Earl of England, Lord Shrewsbury, the young son of Lady Winifred Pennoyer. Another cousin is Lord Herbert, eldest son of the Earl of Pembroke; and on his mother's side is his cousin Lord Ross of Belvoir, Lord and Lady Granby's elder son. They are all very handsome children these, and the baby can quite safely be said, in early Victorian parlance, to be very well connected!

Spencer House will not be the town residence of the new Earl and Countess Spencer. It has for some time been in the possession of the lady known as Princess Anastasia, or Princess Christopher of Greece. It remains hers for, I believe, a long term of years, long enough to have justified her in altering it and having it done up and furnished delightfully. As Mrs. Leeds she took it, but has been very little in it. Althorp was too expensive and too great an establishment for the late Earl Spencer to keep up as his step-brother had done, and to be, as the Red Earl was, Master of the Pytchley Hounds. It is a large, comfortable country house, with some fine pictures in it, and a wonder-

ful collection of china used to decorate one room. Death duties will not make matters easier for the new Earl.

On the tomb of an early Countess of Spencer in the church near the house, it is recorded that the lady was the first in England to introduce board-wages for her servants. Somehow one imagined that in those days the retainers never went away, and the boards always groaned. It seems to have been the dame's great service to posterity. I wonder if mistresses and maids are sufficiently and sincerely grateful?

The present Countess Spencer is pretty and bright, the second daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn. The Earl was wounded in the war, and is Captain in the 1st Life Guards. They have one little girl, Lady Anne Spencer, now about two years old. Lord Spencer's younger brothers are in the Navy; the elder of the two served in the war and has the Croix de Guerre, the D.S.O. with bar, and was mentioned in despatches. There are two sisters, Lady Delia Peel and Lady Lavinia White.

The wedding of Lady Alma Stopford to Lieut.-Colonel Geoffrey Hoare was remarkable for the number of relatives on both sides who were present at it. The bridegroom's family had it in numbers; there must have been quite a hundred of them. It was a Service wedding, too, for sailors and soldiers were plentiful. The bride's dress of golden tissue, with a train from the waist, was charming, and the lovely old lace veil was just mellow enough to go with it. It had the pleasant association of having been worn by the bride's mother and grandmother. Such associations are being more valued now than ever before, as grandmothers and grandfathers of position become rarer and rarer possessions. The bridal procession was founded for colour on autumn. The bridesmaids' dresses of georgette were like ripe wheat; the elders wore caps of red-brown tulle with bandeau round them of autumn leaves, and carried long single ostrich-feather fans shaded from corn-yellow to virginia-creeper red.

Viscountess Bridport, who died last week after a long but painless illness, was the only sister of the late Earl of Ilchester. She was most interesting to talk to, for her father-in-law, the first Viscount Bridport, had been long in the Household of the Prince Consort, and later in that of Queen Victoria, and had met all the great people of that day; while Lady Bridport herself knew most of her own celebrated contemporaries. Her only son was killed in action at Gallipoli. He was married and left a son and a daughter. Lady Bridport was aunt to the present Earl of Ilchester, whose second son will inherit her jointure on marriage, or a large part of it.

The Germans are said to have discovered a method of making the foliage of trees purple. So like them! They managed to paint the world red, and before that tint is nearly washed out they threaten to turn the trees purple. A real threat that! We are Imperial, it is true, but can easily have too much of the Imperial colour. However, Germany, having lost her empire, may like to keep Imperial in tint. Britishers never tire of green foliage; a little copper-beech to emphasise it is all we care for.

A. E. L.



A LONG COAT OF SIMPLE LINES.

It is made of mole-coloured velours, and is trimmed with mole-skin, and an original touch is supplied by the three diagonal tucks. It comes from Harrods, Knightsbridge.



A THREE-QUARTER-LENGTH COAT.

Brown velours has been chosen by Harrods this time, which is adorned with machine-stitched embroidery and a double hem of beaver coney.



A FUR-TRIMMED VELOURS COAT.

Tan velours and kolinsky coney are combined in this smart coat. Harrods are responsible for it.

very important baby. After all, if the little girls have only their faces for their fortunes, they will do by no means badly. Lord Alexander Paget, Lord Anglesey's father, died with tragic suddenness while on a visit to the late Duke and Duchess of

A WOMAN BREAKS THE RECORD FOR TAY SALMON: A 64-POUNDER.

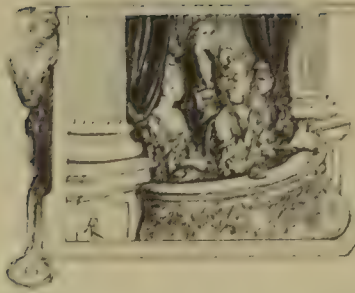
PHOTOGRAPH BY RAEBURN STUDIO.



WITH THE GIANT SALMON WHICH SHE CAUGHT IN THE RIVER TAY: MISS GEORGINA M. BALLANTINE.

The biggest salmon ever caught in the Tay by rod and line was landed on October 7, after a two-hours' tussle, by Miss Georgina M. Ballantine, daughter of Mr. James Ballantine, of Caputh, chief boatman to Mr. Alex. P. Lyle, on whose water, Glendelvine, the catch was made. The fish was 54 inches long, by 28½ inches in girth, and weighed no less than 64 lb. A model of it is being made by Messrs. P. D. Malloch, of Perth, with whose tackle it was caught, and the fish itself has been given to the Perth Infirmary. It beats by 2½ lb. the Tay record made by Mr. T. Stewart in 1907, with a fish of 61½ lb. Before that a 61-pounder caught by Mr. J. Haggart in 1870 had held the distinction. Miss Ballantine is a keen

sportswoman and is a crack shot at the miniature rifle range. During the war she served as a V.A.D. for 2½ years in France. It is interesting to recall some other big catches made by women. In Norway, Lady Haworth caught a 58½-lb. fish in 1911; Mrs. Covington one of 57 lb. in 1885; Mrs. Radclyffe one of 53½ lb. in 1901; Mrs. Scott Isachsen one of 52½ lb. in 1921; Miss Phyllis Schwabe one of 50 lb. in the same year; and Miss Annie Oldfield, when only thirteen, landed one of 52 lb. The largest fish previously caught in this country by a woman was apparently a 47-pounder taken from the Spey by Miss Phyllis Spender Clay. Miss Ballantine's salmon comes near the record for all rivers of the British Isles.



The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.



"MR. BUDD OF KENNINGTON."—"THE RETURN."

WHEN Mr. H. F. Maltby, to whom we owe "The Rotters" and other satires not always sufficiently appreciated, conducts us through the purlieus and homes of Kennington-over-the-water, he is a most pleasant companion. A kind of Pett Ridge with a little acid at the point of his pen. He has studied these humble folk; he knows them; he likes them; and because he likes them he castigates them with caustic caricatures which show up their little weaknesses, and also their kind hearts and their coynets when a Miss Tompkins becomes Mrs. 'Enery 'Awkins. In "Mr. Budd" we are first introduced to Mrs. Brodie, ample and neatly bonneted; to her daughter Mildred, bonnie and promising to become as ample as her mamma; and to Mr. Budd. Mr. Budd, living by insurance cards, is himself one—and a trump at that. He knows his trade; he pictures accident, death, or maiming as if it all were the seventh heaven; he kisses the baby and flatters the mother; and all the while he flourishes before his patients the insurance-ferm, with generally triumphant result. He is about to propose to Mildred, and to start with his hold-all for a fortnight at Yarmouth to swank in holidays, when a weird visitor arrives and announces that he, Budd, who had a Monterbian mother, is heir to the throne and must set out forthwith to the Near East. So far, capital! It was all real Maltby; pleasant, cosy Kennington folklore with much humour.

The change of scene brought a change of tone and temper. The comedy became farce, and very soon the farce galloped into the domain of comic opera, with such music as our imagination prompted us to hum from within, with well-known tunes from Offenbach to Straus (Oscar!). Had there been an orchestra it would have been great fun; comic Cabinet Ministers, courtiers, tuft-hunters, and lackeys are always amusing—when there is not much of them, with music synchronising with their entries. But here there was too much pulling of the herring's tail; there were repetitions, and one felt that the author had not quite known how to handle his imbroglio when once he was in it. It was by no means tedious, but it just missed being entirely amusing, and that in spite of capital acting all round and a set of Monterbian Ministers—

George Goodwin, Arthur Vezin, Reginald Dane, Marie Mansfield, and the Premier, William Pringle—that in comic opera would have been a huge success. But from the beginning our interest was mainly centred in Mr. Budd, in the quaint personality of Mr. Tubby Edlin; and, later, in a most charming ingénue, Helen Coram, who, divinely fair and heavenly innocent, was as sweet as Pinero's unforgettable Lavender.

Mr. Edlin, the man who made our Queen laugh and by that royal smile became famous on one summer's matinée, is a personality. As soon as the little man—a

dark Jimmy Welch I would call him—appears, we sit to attention. "A dear little soul," women would call him; and men: "As cute as the devil." But there is no cloven hoof in his humour; there is rather a little streak of pathos in it. When he, in his Kennington clothes, struggles and wriggles among the uniformed and bespangled courtiers of Monterbia, we would pet and shelter him: he is so woefully funny. And he does such extraordinary things—little touches of the music-hall which express more than words can tell. It is when words are more important than actions that we realise what Mr. Edlin has still to acquire.

He has a capital scene in the second act. The people of Monterbia, satiated with constant changes of rulers, are out for blood. The would-be heir-apparent, Mr. Budd—who is really only a political mannikin used by wire-pullers for their ends—is pushed by his Ministers on to the balcony to answer shots and missiles with a speech. That speech, as far as I could follow, was a stirring piece of writing; but Mr. Edlin made little of it. His gestures, his facial display, were excellent; but the elocution missed fire. So, until he has mastered this main canon of his art, we must defer prognostication as to his future on the "legitimate" stage. But it was certainly a début of rare felicity.

If Miss Marie Löhr's production of "The Return," adapted from de Flers and de Croisset by Arthur Wimperis, had no other point of interest, its object-lesson would be of value. It teaches that a good English adaptation, such as this one is, shows up all the faults and fallacies of a certain kind of French play. We perceived it in "The Scandal";

we see it more clearly in "The Return." The French language, like music, hath charms—such bewitching charm that the dialogue often acts like dope on the audience. Tickle their ear—and ours—by this adroit juggling with words, these flamboyant tirades of picturesque verbiage (which indorse the truth of the adage that words have been created to hide the thought), and we are so bamboozled that for the moment we let ourselves go, become uncritical,

unintrospective, purely amused or entertained as the case may be, and come away with the thought—How wonderful these French dramatists are! Afterwards, reviewing the case, we may find some fly in the intellectual ointment, but generally we do not allow our contentment to be spoilt by aftermath. A little later, we see the same play in English, transplanted in excellent form and fluency of dialogue; and then, no longer cajoled by the music of French diction, we suddenly discover that all this talk is idle, that the play *qua* play is ordinary and very discursive, and that the authors have built a huge mountain for the sake of the mole-hill of one single scene—*la scène à faire* of France's unforgettable critic, Emile Sarcey. And this discovery is not a solitary one; it occurs time after time when a Boulevard success turns its coat into English shape.

Adaptation is an ingenious detective. Take "The Return." The whole story is infantile: a domestic turmoil between a husband and wife who love one another, but agree to differ, they don't know why. She falls in love (as she thinks) with a sailor-boy whom she has met by sheer coincidence for a few minutes; and her husband, perhaps to test, certainly to tease her, consents to divorce her in order that she may marry an old admirer. The old admirer turns out to be the sailor's uncle, and, by a little juggling on the part of the authors, the husband discovers who's who. Then, like a bolt from the blue, comes the scene—a wonderful scene, I admit. The husband



PRODUCER OF "THE IMMORTAL HOUR":
MR. BARRY V. JACKSON, FOUNDER AND DIRECTOR
OF THE BIRMINGHAM REPERTORY THEATRE.

Photograph by Whitlock (Birmingham).



AS ETAIN, THE HEROINE OF "THE IMMORTAL HOUR," THE NEW BRITISH OPERA AT THE REGENT THEATRE: MISS GWEN FFRANCÇON DAVIES.



A NEW BRITISH OPERA: A PICTURESQUE TABLEAU IN ACT II. OF "THE IMMORTAL HOUR," BY RUTLAND BOUGHTON, AT THE REGENT THEATRE.

The Birmingham Repertory Theatre Company arranged to produce Mr. Rutland Boughton's opera, "The Immortal Hour," in London, at the Regent Theatre, on October 13. The story is based on an old Celtic legend. In a dark forest beside a lonely loch stands Dalua, the Finger of the Immortals. To him comes Etain, of the Faery Folk, and he unfolds to her how she will take on mortal clay and be loved by a King, whose love will bring him madness and death. The King, Eochaidh, meets her and takes her to his palace. For a year they live happily; then her fairy lover, Midir, comes and claims her once more, and the King, left desolate, falls beneath the uplifted hand of Dalua. In the photograph Miss Gwen Ffrangcon Davies, as Etain, is seen standing (left centre), with pages holding her train. Second from left is seated Mr. Herbert Simmonds, as the Old Bard, and behind him is Mr. Johnstone Douglas as Eochaidh.

has challenged the young sailor, and, before taking to arms, he examines him as to his career—why, you must not ask me, but the scene is nigh. In their discussion they find out that in the Great War they were brothers-in-arms, that they were in a dangerous *impasse*, and that the young man had practically saved the life of his senior. At once they forget their feud, and, engrossed in the reconstruction of the theatre of war with books and *bibelots* and Madame's photograph, they become so excited that to the wife next door it seems as if they had come to blows. In great anguish she rushes in to part them, maybe to avoid bloodshed! Explanations follow—all's well. We were fascinated. We forgave two vapid acts for a short spell of excitement—such is the magic of the theatre.

The two men, Mr. George Tully and Mr. Jack Hobbs, though both English to the core, played this scene with the power of conviction in their acting. We felt the intention of the authors—to drive home the unwritten law by which comradeship in war binds men's souls together with hoops of steel. It was exciting and impressive. And when Miss Marie Löhr rushed in, in genuine distress, and with a display of emotion such as she rarely commands, a thrill went through the house. Before that we had had a different but no less forcible sensation—to say nothing of the pleasure we derived from Miss Lottie Venne's masterly and masterful creation of a delightful little busybody of fifty—and that was when Miss Marie Löhr sang Melville Gideon's song to her own accompaniment. "Some voice!" as an American said near me. Ay, more than some voice—some wonderful timbre, some perfect schooling, some touching accents! There is scarcely an artist on our musical-comedy stage who has such dulcet tones. One of these days Miss Marie Löhr should give us a play with music.

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"THE IMMORTAL HOUR."

NO one who is interested in English opera should miss seeing "The Immortal Hour" at the Regent Theatre. It has been put on the stage there by the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Barry Jackson, not as one item in a repertory, but for a continuous series of performances. "The Immortal Hour" is not a new work, but it will be new to the majority of music-lovers in London. It was first produced at the Glastonbury Festival of August 1914—hardly a propitious moment for the birth of an English opera. Mr. Rutland Boughton, the composer, on that occasion sang one of the principal parts. It was repeated at Glastonbury on various occasions, but the audience which frequents the Glastonbury Festivals is a small one—as, indeed, it of necessity must be, given the very limited accommodation of the hall in which Mr. Boughton produces his operas there. But it was recognised from the first by musicians as a work of unusual interest, and in 1920 the vocal score was published by the Carnegie Trust. From Glastonbury it went to Bournemouth and Birmingham, making itself gradually known to a wider circle of admirers. In the summer of 1921 the Glastonbury Company gave a few performances of it at the "Old Vic"; but it was an unfavourable time of year for such a production, and, owing to various difficulties, the opera failed to make the impression which it deserved. Recently it has been given in Birmingham by the Repertory Theatre, and established itself there as a definite popular success.

The Birmingham Repertory Theatre, although confining itself in the main to plays, has given a few short seasons of opera which have been remarkably interesting. Whatever Mr. Barry Jackson puts on the stage is prepared with endless care, and directed—as all opera ought to be, but in England very rarely is directed—by a man who understands the artistic side of operatic production

from all points of view. The production at the Regent Theatre is, therefore, a finished work of art in every respect, instead of being thrown on to the stage anyhow, with the minimum of rehearsal and the maximum of conventional routine.

Indeed, however practicable it may be to treat "The Bohemian Girl" or "Cavalleria Rusticana" after the usual fashion, Mr. Boughton's opera is not one to be thus treated. It is in every way unconventional. The average opera manager who "knows the ropes" would make nothing of it. It depends for its effect not on singers with powerful voices, but upon poetic atmosphere. It makes no concessions to the vanity of singers, though it liberally rewards singers who are real artists. Mr. Barry Jackson has been fortunate enough to collect a company of singers who can thoroughly enter into the spirit of it.

"The Immortal Hour" is taken from a drama of "Fiona Macleod." It is a story of Celtic mythology, set in a land of dreams that bears no relation to the world of common life. To analyse its plot in detail would be as complicated a task as to relate the complete history of Wagner's "Ring." Fortunately, a detailed analysis is not in the least necessary for the enjoyment of the opera. It is a rare exception among operas in that its "libretto" (if Mr. Boughton will permit the use of the word) is genuine poetry that will bear reading apart from the music. The singers in this production are also exceptional in that they all speak their words with astonishing clearness; but, even granted this, the language has the obscurities which all Celtic poetry presents to the purely English reader. Yet, if the purely English music-lover can once bring himself to accept the general atmosphere of Celtic twilight, the action on the stage and the music which accompanies it will give him a sufficiently clear outline of the plot.

The curtain rises upon a dark and mysterious forest, haunted by vague forms and strange voices. The first character to appear is Dalua, the son of shadow, more ancient than the gods, outcast among them and called the "faery fool"—a sort of Celtic Pan, whose touch brings madness and death. After a dialogue between him and the mocking voices of the forest spirits, there enters Etain, daughter of the "Shee," or faery folk, in a strange, dreamy mood, uncertain whether to return to her own people or to wander

(Continued overleaf.)



FOUR HUNDRED WREATHS FOR HER FINAL "EXIT": LAST TRIBUTES OF AFFECTION TO MISS MARIE LLOYD—HER FUNERAL PROCESSION AT GOLDERS GREEN.

The funeral of Miss Marie Lloyd, which took place at Hampstead Cemetery on October 12, afforded proof of her great popularity, not only as an actress, but as a woman noted for her generosity. There were over 400 wreaths and floral tributes, including those of the Variety Artists Federation, the Ladies' Theatrical Guild, the Costermongers Union, and Sir Oswald Stoll and the staff of the Alhambra. The first part of the service was held at St. Luke's, Hampstead. Large crowds gathered along the route from her house at Golders Green and in the cemetery. Among the many well-known theatrical people present were Mr. Charles Coburn and his wife.—[Photograph by Speaight.]

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(Continued.)

forth among the children of men. Dalua tells her of a king of men, a poet, who seeks a love which no mortal woman can give him. She moves away, saying that she will go back to the country of the young. As she leaves the stage, the King enters. He is Eochaidh, King of Ireland, weary of his earthly kingdom, and seeking the kingdom of dreams. A strange voice warns him to return; but he refuses to listen to it, and, tempted by Dalua, follows the King of Dreams and Shadows. The voices of Dalua calling and mocking, and of Eochaidh answering and seeking, die away in the distance as the scene changes to a hut in the forest, where two old peasants, man and wife, are cowering over their fire. It is a wild night of storm; Etain has taken refuge with them. In a few moments the King enters, sees Etain, and recognises in her the woman whom he is seeking. She lets him take her in his arms; but, as he does so, he hears a mocking laugh outside which startles him. She sits down and he kneels at her feet; yet she is not wholly his. A strange, far-away look comes into her eyes, and we hear a strange, far-away music that strikes upon her ear and on hers alone—the song of the faery folk. It recedes into the distance; she rises, stretches out her hands to it—and the curtain falls.

The second act shows us the King's palace. Druids enter singing, followed by women and warriors: they hail Etain as Queen. But she is restless and abstracted. She thanks them and bids them good-night. The King too is haunted by strange fears, dreams and premonitions, mocking voices in the dark. He sends the people away, all except an old bard, who sits at his feet and waits. As they leave the stage a young stranger enters through the midst of them. He tells Eochaidh that he is a king's first son, and begs leave to kiss the Queen's hand. Eochaidh sends to call her back, and while they are waiting the old bard takes up his harp and sings a song of the drifting dead leaves. Etain enters: but she has put off her crown and royal robes, and

appears as she first appeared to the King in the forest. She looks at the stranger and seems half to recognise him. He kisses her hand, takes the old minstrel's harp, and sings. And the song which he sings is the song of the faery folk in the forest, for he is Midir, their prince, "a bird with white wings, a song in the land of the young"—he is love, and he is

movement towards Eochaidh and touches him. It is the touch of death.

Mr. Boughton has succeeded in conveying this atmosphere of poetry and dreams with a singular simplicity of resource. The tale is all told quietly, and the reticence with which he has treated the love scene at the end of the first act gives it a most unearthly beauty. What makes the appeal of the opera—and its appeal is singularly haunting—is its invariably melodious and vocal character. It is not based upon folk-songs, but it has many turns of phrase which one recognises at once as Irish in character. The most beautiful of these is the melody associated with the King's love for Etain, which recurs at various places, and it has a worthy companion in the song of the faery folk.

The part of Etain is taken by Miss Gwen Ffrangcon Davies, whose father will be remembered by older readers as one of our most impressive oratorio singers. She has sung the part in almost all the performances of the opera which have been given, and her interpretation of it is a remarkable accomplishment. She is an actress as well as a singer; indeed, one almost forgets that she is a singer, so little show does she make with her voice. She sings the whole part in a delicate *mezza voce* that exactly suggests the remoteness of Etain's personality. Every word comes through perfectly, and every note is exquisitely sung—it is a most striking example of that art which conceals art. Mr. Johnstone-Douglas makes a noble and pathetic figure of the unhappy King. Dalua is sung by Mr. Arthur Cranmer, who combines a fine voice with a very

dramatic power of declamation. Mr. William Heseltine, a new tenor, who sings Midir, has a finished style and a voice of very beautiful quality. The chorus deserve high praise for their singing of very intricate and difficult music. The decorations, by Mr. Paul Shelving, contribute a great deal to the romantic atmosphere. The whole performance is an excellent example of how opera ought to be produced.

E. J. DENT.



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Photograph by Topical.

music too. "I am a small green leaf in a great wood," says Etain, "and you are the wind of the South." The King makes a threatening gesture, but he is spell-bound. He cannot move; he can only beg Etain with ever feebler voice not to leave him. But the faery folk are singing again outside; Midir, as he sings, moves towards them, and Etain, whether she will or no, must follow that music. As they pass out of view, Dalua suddenly appears, makes a rapid

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THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

THINGS NEW FROM THE PUBLISHERS.

"Tales of My Own Country." In the sphere of fiction, "Tales of My Own Country," by Violet Jacob (Murray; 7s. 6d. net), will appeal to those who enjoyed this author's "Songs of Angus," as the book deals with the same locality, and gives a delightful picture of old-world life in the Scottish countryside. The longest story concerns the famous fiddler, Neil Gow, who was a great character in Forfarshire and Perthshire towards the end of the eighteenth century.

Mr. Murray's new novels also include "The Vehement Flame," by Margaret Deland; "Hornet's Nest," by Andrew Soutar; "The Treasure of Golden Cap," by Bennet Copplestone; "D.E.Q.," by Lord Gorell—a tale of love and mystery in Cornwall; and "Flower o' the Heather," by R. W. Mackenna. In the general list there are many titles that stir pleasurable anticipation, such as "The Private Diaries of Sir Algernon West," edited by Horace G. Hutchinson; "Memories of Old Richmond," by Viscountess Cave; "The Poems of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle," a collected edition; "The Dead—Do They Live?" by Paul Heuzé; and "Babylonian Problems," by Lieut.-Col. W. H. Lane. "Where the Twain Meet," by Mary Gaunt, tells the story of Jamaica, Britain's first tropical colony, during the last 200 years.

"The Cathedral." From the days of Anthony Trollope, and perhaps before, an episcopal close has often formed a setting for fiction. Mr. Hugh Walpole, as the son of a Bishop, knows what he is writing about. His new "scene of clerical life"—"The Cathedral" (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net; large paper edition, 18s. net)—is laid at the imaginary (or pseudonymous) city of Polchester twenty-five years ago, in the time of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. The plot is concerned with domestic troubles and professional jealousies—in particular, the disasters that befall a proud Archdeacon.

It is a tale of strong human interest, and through the tragedy in its fabric runs the thread of a tender love story.

"Krindlesyke." Mr. Wilfrid Gibson, the Northumbrian poet, is a master of racy local speech. His new blank-verse drama, "Krindlesyke" (Macmillan; 6s. net), is named from the lonely shepherd's cottage on the fells where the scene is laid. It is his most ambitious work, and one of great power.



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He would probably reach a wider public with a novel, and many would consider it a more appropriate medium for the peasant vernacular. Shakespeare is the touchstone of taste in this matter. Whenever a yokel speaks, he generally drops into prose. For all that, Mr. Gibson's characters are very much alive.

Among other new arrivals from the house of Macmillan, just published or forthcoming, are "The

Irish Guards in the Great War," by Rudyard Kipling; Professor J. B. Bury's "History of the Later Roman Empire"; Mr. W. B. Yeats's "Later Poems." In the new and complete edition of the novels and stories of Henry James, which Macmillans are bringing out in thirty-five monthly volumes, there have already appeared "The Lesson of the Master" and "The Author of Beltraffio," with other stories in each case.

"December Love." Messrs. Cassell's autumn list is strong both in fiction and general reading. A new novel by Mr. Robert Hichens is always an event. In "December Love," the milieu of which is the social world of London, he has chosen a bold and unusual subject, the resurgence of love in a woman of sixty for a man of twenty-nine. But there are many complications. A younger woman is interested in the man, and is herself pursued by a villain who in earlier days had robbed and jilted the elder lady. This is the latter's secret, and the question is whether she will sacrifice herself by revealing it in order to save her youthful rival.

Two other Cassell novels which everyone is asking for are Mr. Arnold Bennett's "Lilian" and Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "The Man Who Knew Too Much"; while there is sure to be a big demand for "Rossenal," by Ernest Raymond (author of "Tell England"), and "Quest," by Rosita Forbes.

Messrs. Cassell are also the publishers of the ex-Kaiser's book, "My Memoirs: 1878-1918," and the memoir of Albert Ballin, by Bernhard Huldemann, translated by W. J. Eggers.

Among other works in their list which will claim many readers are "A Short History of Mankind," by H. G. Wells; "My Life and Adventures," by Earl Russell; "Letters to Somebody," by Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson; "The Life of Sir Mark Sykes," by Shane Leslie; "Amid Snowy Wastes," by Seton Gordon; and "At Home with Wild Nature," by Richard Kearton.

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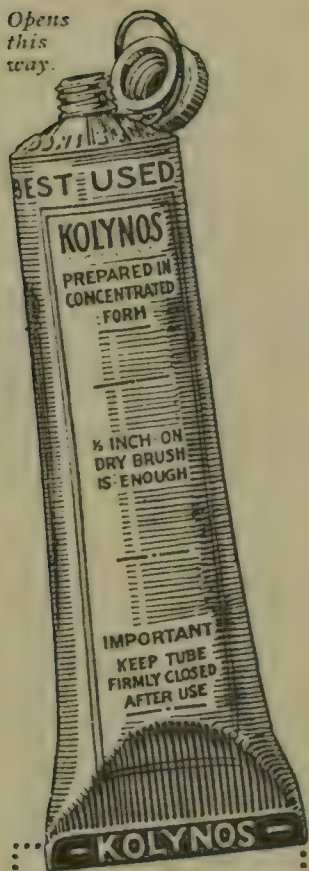
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Future Motoring Legislation.

I have received from the Motor Legislation Committee, which represents every class of

motor-user and trader in the country, the text of a memorandum on the taxation of mechanically propelled road vehicles, which has been presented to the Ministry of Transport. This memorandum is the result of an invitation by the Ministry to submit proposals for an alternative to the taxation by horse-power of motor-vehicles, and contains the suggestions of the Committee for a reversion to the basic method of taxing fuel. The proposals are, in the main: (a) A flat rate duty per gallon on all imported motor spirit other than power alcohol; (b) An annual registration and license-tax of moderate amount on each vehicle. It will be recalled that the petrol tax was removed by the Government on the plea that it led to evasion, and that its administration was attended by great technical difficulties, which were alleged to beset the definition of dutiable motor spirit. The great and real defect of the old petrol tax was that rebates and reductions were given to certain classes of motor-users.

The proposed new method is that there shall be one flat rate on all imported spirit used by road motors, and the motoring organisations, with the assistance of an eminent chemist, have drawn up a definition of motor spirit which they claim will solve all difficulties hitherto encountered. As a considerable amount of crude petroleum is brought into the country and distilled here, a system of taxing the resultant motor spirit has been devised. The crude oil would be tested at the port of entry, and its percentage of motor spirit, or motor spirit content, determined by a scientific method, which has also the merit of simplicity. This seems to dispose of a very serious difficulty in administration.

The Main Features.

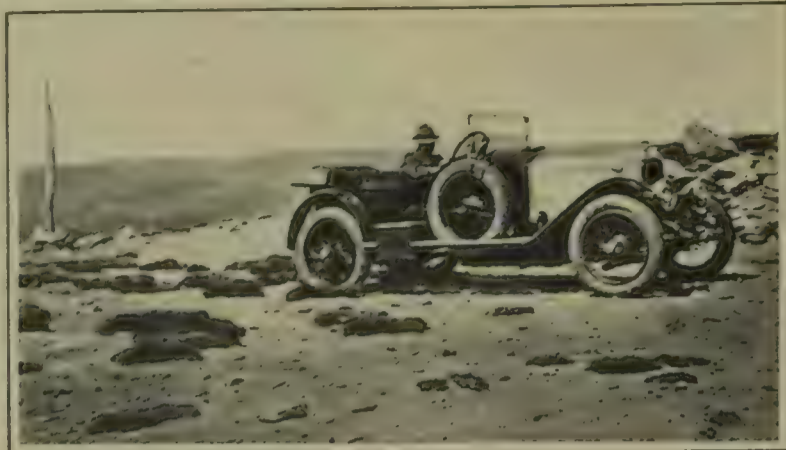
The salient features of the suggested new

system of taxation are briefly summarised as follows: Flat rate duty on all imported motor spirit, levied at the port of entry. Motor spirit derived from

imported crude oil to be taxed. A moderate registration tax on all motor vehicles. No rebates of motor-spirit tax for any classes of road motor. No tax on home-produced benzole, or any other motor fuel wholly

point and distillation tests. The use of paraffin in internal-combustion engines to be allowed by special license. Steam and electric vehicles to be taxed by the existing method.

On the basis of a required revenue of £10,250,000 sterling, there are appended to the memorandum examples showing the estimated yield of motor-spirit taxation, etc., on the lines proposed. In three appendices it is shown that a tax of 5d. per gallon on 420,000,000 gallons of imported spirit will yield a revenue of £8,800,000. It is suggested, should pay a registration duty of 2s. 6d. per horse-power on 300,000 vehicles now taxed on the horse-power basis, yielding £700,000. Motor-cycles, it is suggested, should pay a registration fee of 7s. 6d. each, irrespective of horse-power. The balance of the required revenue is made up from taxation of commercial and hackney vehicles. There is an alternative scheme, under which fuel is taxed at 4d. per gallon, and the horse-power tax reduced by 75 per cent.



MOUNTAINEERING BY CAR IN AUSTRALIA: A VAUXHALL ON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT KOSCIUSKO, NEW SOUTH WALES.

The car, owned by Dr. Faithful, is a 30-98-h.p. Vauxhall, a machine that is at its best in stiff hill work. Mount Kosciusko is 7200 ft. above sea level.



PRICED AT £650: A 12-H.P. ROVER COUPÉ, WITH FIXED TOP.

produced in this country. Duty-free petrol for aviation and industrial purposes supplied under a simple permit system. Motor spirit to be defined by flash-

free. It cannot be argued that it is because the Ford van does more harm to the roads. The contrary is the case, and, by all the laws of equity, the

(Continued overleaf.)

Some Weaknesses of the Scheme.

I have only just received the memorandum, and have not

really had time to examine it thoroughly.

But it seems to me to be rather weak in two or three directions. In the first place, it confines to one class alone its suggestions for securing the whole of the revenue required from vehicular traffic. It is logically inconceivable that any scheme of taxation for highway maintenance can be adjudged sound unless it provides for obtaining that revenue from all classes of wheeled traffic. It would require a great deal of special pleading to convince me of the abstract justice of taxing to an almost overwhelming extent a single form of transport, while all the rest are left untouched. I am totally unable to see why the enterprising tradesman who employs a Ford van to deliver goods and commodities should have to pay an enormous tax, while the less up-to-date man who sticks to the old horsed vehicle should get off scot-

free. It cannot be argued that it is because the Ford van does more harm to the roads. The contrary is the case, and, by all the laws of equity, the

(Continued overleaf.)

The New
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MODEL

Four-seated Touring Car complete
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£475

ABRIDGED SPECIFICATION

Four-cylinder engine, bore 3½ in., stroke 4½ in. (2,388 c.c.), main bearings automatically lubricated by oil pump, side by side valves totally enclosed and automatically lubricated. Ignition: High-tension Magneto. Three-speed and reverse gear box, with central control for change-speed gear. Single plate clutch with fabric friction discs. Spiral bevel drive for rear axle. The chassis is oil lubricated throughout. Pressed steel wheels. Electric lighting and starting.

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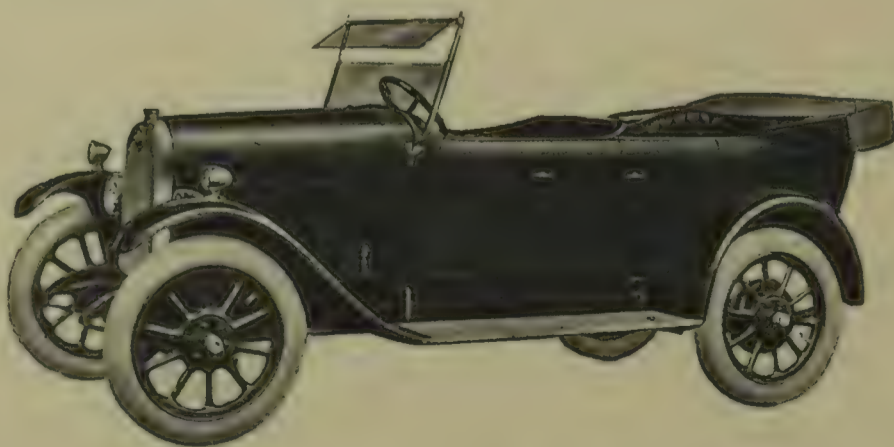
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On the road the 12/14 h.p. Crossley fulfils every expectation. It is delightful to handle, and admirably suited for lady drivers. Any ordinary hill can be taken on top. The engine is flexible and silent, making driving, whether in town traffic or on the open road, easy and pleasant.

A glance at the specification reveals that it is far ahead of any other popular priced car on the market. There is no other car in its price class which can approach it. Write now for full particulars including detailed specification.

ASK also for details of the 19.6 h.p. Crossley. You will also be interested in the 20/70 h.p. Crossley Sports model, with a guaranteed speed of 75 miles per hour on Brooklands track.



See the Car on Stand No. 272
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In 1922

Fiat won the three premier events:

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The Italian Grand Prix (Light Car)

Such a feat has never before been accomplished in automobile history, the engines of the winning cars differing little in size from the wonderful 10/15.

The international character of the Fiat business is indicated by the fact that there are over 700 branches and Distributing Agencies throughout the world.

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10/15 H.P. Chassis	£410	£365
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15/20 Chassis	£550	£510
15/20 H.P. Torpedo	£800	£710
20/30 H.P. 6-cylinder Chassis	£700	£630
20/30 H.P. 6-cylinder Chassis, Sports	£745	£670
20/30 H.P. 6-cylinder Torpedo	£980	£850

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10/15 H.P. ¾ Coupe	£700
15/20 H.P. Coupe Limousine or Landau-let	£925
20/30 H.P. Limousine Landau-let	£1100
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COMMERCIAL VEHICLES
Particulars of the full range of Fiat Commercial Vehicles from 1 ton to 5 tons will be furnished on application.

The famous Fiat (F2) 1-ton Chassis, complete with 6 "Michelin" tyres, is reduced in price from £440 to £390.



(Continued.)

hosed vehicle should pay more per mile run than the Ford. I do not think a proposal to tax all vehicles would go through, even if it were advanced; but I do think it ought to have been formulated and placed on record by the representatives of motoring, private and commercial.

Another weakness is the proposal to exempt home-produced motor-spirit from the operation of the flat-rate duty. Not that I am against the protection of a home industry—far from it; but the way this matter strikes me is that what we are seeking is a fair and equitable method of raising money for the maintenance of the roads. We have accepted the basic proposition that those who use the roads should pay a special tax in consideration of their special user of the highways. Therefore it seems to follow that all should contribute. It amounts to this: that if I, by reason of special circumstances, am able to obtain adequate supplies of benzole, I shall be able to use the roads for nothing. My neighbour, who cannot obtain any at all, will pay his 4d. or 5d. on every gallon of petrol he uses. It must be remembered that this duty is not in any sense a protective tax. It is one for highway purposes, and I am quite unable to see the justice of its evasion by anyone. I do not think the Committee should have made the recommendation, from the point of view I have set forth.

concerned, although it is an open secret that the smaller transport owners feel the burden seriously and would welcome a change. It is fairly certain that the memorandum I have been discussing will be accepted by the Ministry of Transport as a basis for discussion, at least, when the time comes for submitting new proposals to Parliament. What are the big commercial motor-owners going to do when

inevitable, but it seems a thousand pities that the house should be so divided within itself.

More Remarkable Wolseley Records.

On Oct. 4, a Wolseley "fifteen," which had been experimentally fitted with a smaller engine, was run for twelve hours on Brooklands track. In this period it covered over 935 miles at an average speed of 78 miles per hour, setting up 23 new Brooklands records in Class B—from 5 to 12 hours; from 400 to 900 miles, and from 700 to 1500 kilometres. The car ran perfectly throughout with no mechanical trouble whatever, and lapped consistently at from 79 to 81 miles per hour. It is a noteworthy fact that the Wolseley Company have set up, during the past twelve months, 123 records on Brooklands track, and that, in spite of many attacks on these records, in some cases by cars of larger capacity, they still hold 88 of these. This constitutes the highest number of Brooklands Class Records which is held by any make of car. W. W.



TO BE SHOWN AT OLYMPIA: A BATCH OF THE LATEST SUNBEAM MODELS LEAVING THE WORKS.

These cars are being taken by Messrs. Bridge's Garage, Cirencester, for exhibition at the Olympia Show.

What of the Big Transport Companies?

Looking through the list of representative bodies composing the Motor Legislation Committee, I miss the name of one of the most powerful of all—the Commercial Motor Users' Association. I cannot help wondering why. We know that we have in no small measure to thank the big commercial users for the present iniquitous system of taxation by horse power, and one is forced to speculate whether we are now in for a fight with the bigger concerns in this matter of taxation. We know also that these latter are not all displeased with the working of the system, so far as they are

that time does come? Unless I am gravely at fault, they will fight tooth and nail against any scheme which will result in their having to pay more than they do at present. Of course, nobody wants to pay more in taxes than he is compelled to pay, but there is a very widespread and well-informed opinion that these big users do not pay their quota, having regard to the damage their traffic does to the roads. Here is a distinct issue that will have to be fought out sooner or later, and I believe it is realised by both sides to the coming controversy. I suppose it is

In aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind, and under the patronage of the Princess Royal, a successful masked carnival ball, organised by Miss Margaret Chute, was given at the Palais de Danse, Hammersmith, on Oct. 10. Many well-known people, of society and the stage, were among the guests, and prizes for the fancy-dress competition were presented by Princess Andrew of Russia. Other prizes were presented by leading actresses, including Miss Marie Löhr.

The Fund to which the proceeds of the ball were devoted is conducted by the National Institute for the Blind for the benefit of its many enterprises. To help the same cause another fancy-dress dance—the Follow-My-Leader Ball—is to take place at the Hyde Park Hotel on Nov. 1. Tickets may be obtained from Miss Margaret Chute, at the Ball Office, 14, Southampton Street, Strand. Later on, early in February, will be produced a play called "The Link in the Chain," by the Countess of Huntingdon and her daughter, Lady Kathleen Curzon Herrick.

Olympia 273

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The 11-H.P.

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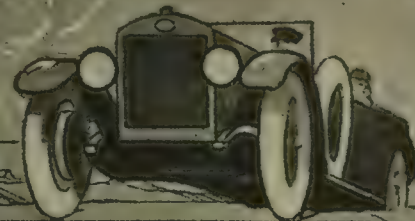
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE ISLAND KING." AT THE ADELPHI.

WITH so strong a cast to help as is assembled for the new musical comedy at the Adelphi, it would have to be a poor piece that did not make a fair show under the circumstances. But "The Island



LEADING IN THE WINNER OF THE CESAREWITCH: CAPTAIN F. FORESTER'S LIGHT DRAGOON (T. PRYOR UP) AFTER THE SURPRISE FINISH.

Light Dragoon, which won the Cesarewitch Stakes on October 11 by a neck from Mr. A. de Rothschild's The Villager, had started at odds of 100 to 1 against. Sir A. Bailey's Ceylonese was third.

Photograph by L.N.A.

King" is very far from being a poor example of its kind. The librettist, Mr. Peter Gawthorne, has a good enough story to tell, concerning as it does the adventures of a petty officer who for a brief while assumes control of a South Sea island; and since Mr. W. H. Berry is called upon to play the part of this ruler, it will be readily understood that the story is made highly amusing. The composer, Mr. Harold Garstin, may be rather

reminiscent in his score, but at any rate his airs are tuneful; and at a time when musical comedy is inclined to give more good dancing than good singing, it is a pleasure to find vocalists of ability engaged for this class of work and given proper opportunities in a series of bright numbers. But while libretto and music just suffice for their purpose, the cast includes an unusually large number of clever artists. Mr. Berry, of course, is a host in himself, and from his entry on the stage keeps his audience chuckling with laughter—in more than a conventional sense is he "King" of all the revels. Another success is scored by Miss Dorothy Shale, who, as the Island Princess, uses a pretty voice effectively, acts vivaciously, and shows a genuine sense of humour. Villain and hero have taking representatives in Mr. Gawthorne himself and Mr. George Bishop respectively. Miss Nancy Lovat also gets her chances, and it says something for the talent expended on this entertainment that minor parts are filled by Mr. Alfred Clark, Mr. C. M. Lowne, and Miss Louie Pounds. It is not Mr. Clark's fault if we hear rather too much of his general's stories that never end, but of Miss Pounds we see too little. Perhaps, when the needful cuts are made in the far too long second act, this defect can be remedied.

"ANGEL FACE." AT THE STRAND.

There is room, plenty of room, for musical comedy in London, but we have all grown a little tired of the strepitous American samples of this genre, in which farce of the old-fashioned, knockabout type is combined with variety turns and has the support of music equally restless. "Angel Face" is of this kind, and both its author, Mr. Harry B. Smith, and its composer, Mr. Victor Herbert, have been better inspired than in the product of their collaboration at the Strand. There is no harm in using once more in a plot the hackneyed theme of the discovery of an elixir of life which makes elderly women young, and might turn a heroine of nineteen into a baby, but the crank credited with the invention in "Angel Face" is not permitted to be over-funny, nor are its possibilities carried very far, Mr. Smith obviously distrusting its power to amuse unaided, and lugging in an underplot in which a detective searching for a stolen child offers a not too effective travesty of crook drama. Mr. Herbert could not, if he tried, write a score in which there were not some good tunes, but his cue has been to be lively at all costs, and so we do not get him here at his best. He has been kindest to Miss Winifred Barnes as heroine, and, there being ease and naturalness about her acting, and she being also a vocalist of parts, it is she who makes the biggest score. Miss Mabel Sealby has a little dancing to do which she does very well; and perhaps it is his part

which is responsible for Mr. Eric Blore's humour seeming sometimes to lack spontaneity.

THE CO-OPTIMISTS INSTALLED AT THE P.O.W.

The Co-Optimists have found a new home—the Prince of Wales' Theatre—and have been fitted with a new "Pierrotic entertainment." Once more this clever band of artists prove that the co-operative spirit can help to success on the stage, and that London playgoers have a real liking for the sort of go-as-you-please show once associated with the Follies. Perhaps this time they are more happy in their individual "turns" than in *ensemble*. Thus, while there can be nothing but praise for Mr. Gilbert Child's burlesque patriotic ditty about the Navy and his impersonation of a "vampire," or for Miss Elsa Macfarlane's singing in "Dream Days," or for Mr. Laddie Cliff's share in the "Church on Sunday" duet, or for Mr. Melville Gideon's rendering of "When the Sun Goes Down," or for Miss Phyllis Monkman's contributions generally, it is difficult to be enthusiastic over the elaborate and rather feeble sketch, "What's in a Name?" Far more promising is the Biograph number; this only needs working up to be one of the drollest things they have done.



A SOUVENIR OF A REMARKABLE CRICKET FEAT: THE BALL WITH WHICH A KENT BOWLER TOOK ALL TEN NOTTINGHAM WICKETS.

This cricket ball, artistically mounted by Messrs. S. Smith and Son, Ltd., of Trafalgar Square, London, is the one with which George C. Collins, of Kent, took all the Nottinghamshire wickets in a match last August. It was the only occasion on which such a feat was performed during the 1922 season.



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THE great new refinery of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company Ltd., at Llandarcy, South Wales, marks the highest development of modern refining practice.

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Double-page Colour Picture of
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in "THE LAST WALTZ."



Also Colour Pictures of
MISS MABEL SEALBY
MISS MEGGIE ALBANESI
in "EAST OF SUEZ," etc., etc.

The Sketch

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EVERY WEDNESDAY.



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THE ANNIVERSARY OF TRAFALGAR.

(See Illustration on Pages 631-635)

TO-DAY is the 117th anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar, which was fought on Oct. 21, 1805, and saved England from invasion by Napoleon. To mark the occasion, we give in this number a fine double-page drawing of the deck of the *Victory* during the battle, by Mr. A. Forestier, who has taken great care to ensure historical accuracy of detail. The picture represents the supreme hour of Nelson's life, before he received his fatal wound. He is standing in the centre, issuing an order to an officer. Just behind Nelson, to the right, is Captain Hardy, in whose arms he died. Hardy holds in his hand a speaking-trumpet. The action is in full progress, for the *Victory* has forced her way between two enemy ships, and the guns are being served vigorously on both sides. Men are falling; some, wounded, are going below; powder-monkeys are running up and down with ammunition; and Marines, on the poop in the background, are firing up at sharpshooters in the enemy's mizzen-tops. It was from one of these mizzen-tops that the shot was fired which killed Nelson. He never allowed such sharp-shooting from his own ships, considering it a murderous practice, by which individual officers might be picked off, but useless to decide a battle. Nelson himself offered an easy target, because he wore his full Admiral's uniform, with numerous medals, and he had lost his right arm.

The drawing is of special interest, since the old *Victory* has had to be removed from Portsmouth Harbour permanently into dry dock there, owing to the rotting of her timbers. It was decided last June by the Society for Nautical Research, on the motion of the late Sir Julian Corbett (naval historian of the Great War), to raise £50,000 in order to restore the *Victory* to her Trafalgar state. At the same time, the Admiralty was constructing a steel cradle to protect her hull, at a cost of £24,000.

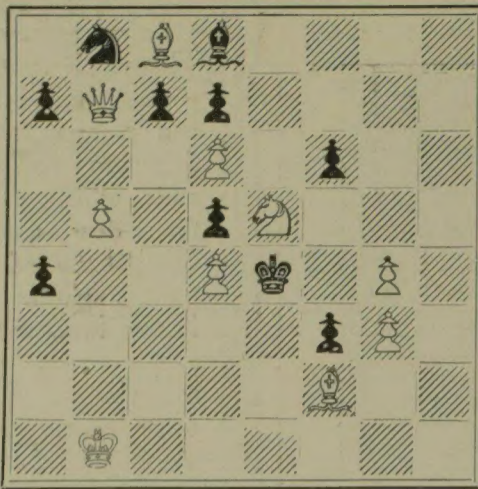
CHESS.

G A TENGELY (St. Helier's, Jersey).—Your problem, unfortunately, admits of a second solution, by Q takes P (ch).

Mrs. W J BAIRD (Paignton).—Thanks for your welcome contribution. R S G (Chelsea).—We were always great admirers of Schlechter ourselves, and, like you, would welcome a collection of his games. So far, we are not aware of any intention to move in that direction.

EDWARD RUSSELL (Wolverhampton).—You must try for a better solution, and, above all, suspect one that begins with a check

PROBLEM No. 3893.—By G. STILLINGFLEET JOHNSON.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3891.—By H. F. L. MEYER.

WHITE
1. Kt (Kt 5th) to B 3rd
2. B takes R
3. Kt to Q 4th, mate.

BLACK
R takes Kt
Any move

If Black play 1. Kt to Kt 3rd, then 2. B takes Kt, etc.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3888 received from H F Marker (Porbandar, India); of No. 3889 from Casimir Dickson (Vancouver), H F Marker, and Horace E McFarland (St. Louis, U.S.A.); of No. 3890 from Casimir Dickson and J C Stackhouse (Torquay); of No. 3891 from Rev. W Scott (Elgin), Major R B Pearce (Happisburgh), and Joseph Wilcock (Southampton).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3892 received from H W Satow (Bangor), H Grasset Baldwin (Farnham), Hugh Nicholson (Otey), Councillor Jas. T Palmer (Church), E J Gibbs (East Ham), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Albert Taylor (Sheffield), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), Joseph Wilcock (Southampton), R P Nicholson (Crayke), J Paul Taylor (Leominster), J C Stackhouse (Torquay), and A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter).

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the International Masters' Tournament of the London Chess Congress between Messrs. WAHLTUCH and RUBINSTEIN.

(Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. W.) BLACK (Mr. R.)
1. P to Q 4th Kt to K B 3rd
2. B to Kt 3rd P to K 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th P to B 4th
4. B takes Kt Q takes B
5. P to K 3rd Kt to B 3rd
6. P to B 3rd B to K 2nd
7. B to Q 3rd P to Q 4th
8. Q Kt to Q 2nd Castles
9. Q to K 2nd P to K 4th
10. P takes K P Kt takes P
11. Kt takes Kt Q takes Kt

The position is now a complete reversal of what usually results in this opening. It is White, not Black, who suffers restraint, and the initiative has passed entirely to his opponent.

12. Castles Q R
A disastrous manoeuvre. Castling K R was safe enough, besides being a much more natural reply.

12. P to Q Kt 4th
13. Kt to B 3rd Q to B 2nd
14. B takes P

14. This capture was clearly an injudicious one, as it leaves exposed to immediate attack the whole of White's very defenceless Queen's flank. The game cannot now be saved.

15. B to Q 3rd R to Kt sq
16. B to Kt sq Q to K 4th
17. R to Q 2nd B to B 3rd
18. Q to Q sq B takes P
19. B takes P (ch)

P takes B is met by Q to R 6 (ch). White's effort is spirited, but there is not enough force in it to be effective.

19. K to R sq
20. Q to B 2nd R takes P
21. R takes P Q takes P
22. R to R 5th Q to R 8th (ch)
23. Q to Kt sq R takes Q

White resigns.

The Masters' Invitation Tournament at Hastings resulted as follows: Alekhine 1st, with 7½ points; Rubinstein 2nd, with 7 points; Bogoljuboff and Sir George Thomas 3rd, with 4½ points each. A curious feature of the score sheet was that the lowest scorer won three-quarters of his total points at the expense of Alekhine.

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10	10	7	7	21	0	0
10	5	8	7	22	10	0
10	8	8	9	23	10	0
10	8	9	0	24	0	0
11	10	8	8	26	0	0
11	11	9	0	27	0	0
12	6	8	9	28	10	0
12	2	9	2	28	10	0
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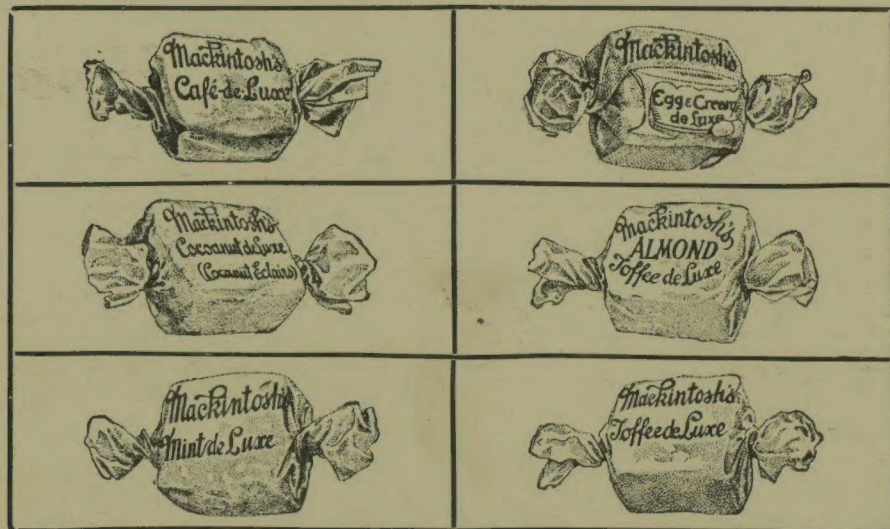
ft.	ins.	ft.	ins.	£	s.	d.
6	0	6	0	3	15	0
8	0	5	0	3	19	6
9	0	6	0	5	10	0
8	11	8	3	7	15	0
10	0	8	5	8	10	0
11	10	8	11	10	15	0
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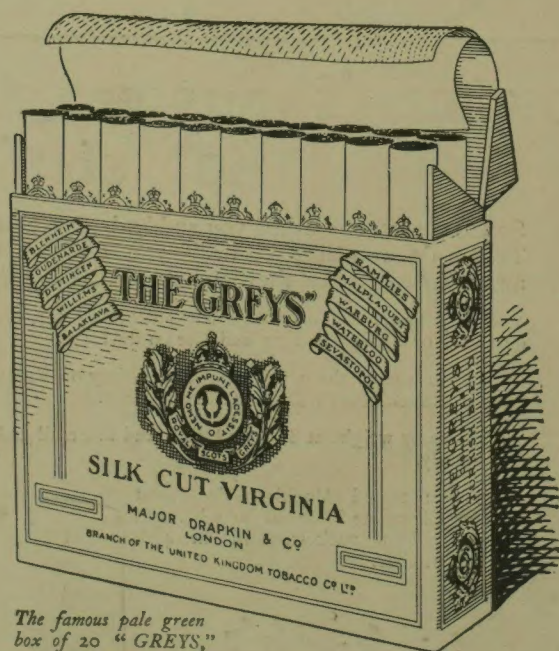
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